

The

SATURDAY REVIEW

FOUNDED
IN
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No. 4161, Vol. 159

6 JULY, 1935

is not now permitted
The ~~Only~~ Paper that ~~Does~~ to Tell You ~~All~~ The Truth

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THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS

Challenge !

British men and women ! Wake up !

If you believe in your country, in your Empire, in your own strength, stand up now and proclaim the faith that is in you ! Denounce the abomination of the betrayal that is at hand.

Do you know what's going on ?

The British Empire is being exposed for sale, job lots put on the bargain counter at knock-down prices, and foreigners invited to bid.

A strip of British Somaliland has been offered to Abyssinia and Italy, rich prizes for the black slave drivers and the black shirt soldiers both, provided only that they agree not to fight, and so save the face of the League of Nations.

**

A Shameful Act !

Who says it ?

Mr. Anthony Eden, British Minister for the League of Nations (at £3,000 per annum). He admits it in the House of Commons. He confesses that this shameful act, in his own phrase, is dictated, not by British interests in Africa, but by our membership of the League of Nations.

To please Geneva, to prop up the crumbling structure of the League of Nations, British citizens are to be transferred to alien rule. Mr. Eden dares to make a virtue of the fact that he would ask for grazing rights for these tribes to be safeguarded.

The League of Nations Union will applaud Mr. Eden's effort to preserve the League at the expense of the Empire.

**

The Foreign Legion

The League of Nations Union are the branch in this country of the international organisation which

pleads the cause of foreign nations and attacks the cause of Empire.

Day in, day out, they wage a propaganda urging British men to go to war, and British women to support a war, in defence of Austria against Germany, in support of China against Japan, to resist the invasion of every land while its advocates plan to parcel out our own Empire, the greatest, most free, most just, most tolerant of all.

The League of Nations Union are a foreign legion that works in Britain for the foreigners.

**

Auctioneers of Empire

And in this barter of British subjects to the Abyssinian slave State or the Italian Fascist State, the auctioneers of Empire can surely count on the *News Chronicle*, organ of the Samuelite Liberals, and on the *Daily Herald*, organ of the Cripps Socialists. Both party journals boost the League of Nations. Both are ready to make hay of British interests in order to sustain the League and its damnable war-making doctrine of Collective Security.

Others ready to put the League before the Empire will be Mr. Beverley Nichols, who will not fight at any price, and Mr. A. J. Cummings, the belligerent pacifist writer who squawks against what he calls the *Daily Express* "squeaks" in opposition to the Blood Ballot, which commits its signatories to war in Abyssinia, if Mussolini moves his troops there.

True, the Dictator of Italy has thrown Mr. Eden's offers back into his teeth.

He has treated with contempt the offer of a small bit of British territory, when he knows that, by going on, he can seize the whole of Abyssinia.

Daily Express.

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Daily Express.

Honesty's Reward

Forty-three years ago a Cheltenham man was made bankrupt.

To-day he paid all his debts with 4 per cent. interest.

Who benefits by a repayment after so many years? Not only the creditors. They have long written-off the money.

The chief gainer is the debtor. He has the satisfaction of living up to the code he set for himself. He knows himself to be a better man. For that reason he is happier. And, being happier, he makes his neighbours happier as well.

Sunday Express.

**

The War Game

Those who believe that war is a natural and ineradicable activity of mankind will be interested in the new theory of chess—that it was invented by an early Indian priesthood to keep their warriors off the battlefield.



Their religion taught that war was a crime and some means had to be found to provide an outlet for the combative spirit.

If this is so Russia should soon become the most pacific of nations, since it is said that to-day chess is her national game, played by several millions of people, including the peasants on the co-operative farms.

In the Russian pieces, by the way, for the figures of kings, knights, and bishops, representations of Lenin, Commissars and Councillors, and municipal dustmen have been substituted.

The Morning Post.

**

The Slum Scandals

Week by week comes fresh evidence that the campaign to "scrap the Slums" is, in fact, a campaign to "Build New Slums."

Housing experts, welfare workers, and the more alert of our local authorities all agree with our recent revelations that many of the houses now being built for ex-slum dwellers will become the "rotten homes" of the near future.

Nor is that all.

Some families are being moved from condemned property into new houses that are more inconvenient than the ones they have left.

That is the position, for instance, at York, where members of the city council are bitterly protesting

against the stark stupidity of the Whitehall regulations which every local authority must observe.

They are emphasising the almost incredible fact that they are not *allowed* to build decent houses.

They must build rooms so small as to be detrimental to health. They must allow houses to be erected now that actually infringe the council's by-laws for old property!

The council can do nothing. The Ministry of Health has passed the buck to the local authorities, and the local authorities are compelled to pass the buck to the unfortunate tenants.

York, indeed, was one of the councils which at first refused to build rotten houses. For this public-spirited stand it was surcharged by the mandarins of Whitehall.

Other councils throughout the country are loth to build the "rabbit-hutches" (as an ex-Minister of Health has termed them) which the official economaniacs regard as suitable accommodation for those who cannot afford high rents.

Unless they do so, however, they forfeit the Government subsidy.

One expert declares that the houses being built to the official orders are worse than those erected fifty years ago. Another adds that they will be pulled down as slums within thirty years.

In its own interests, the Government should remedy its grave omission before the General Election.

John Bull.

**

The Ministry of Mirth

Sir Isidore Salmon suggested recently the appointment of a Minister of Pleasure.



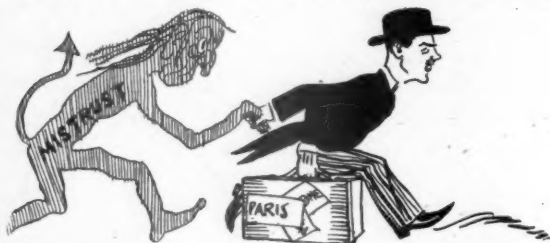
It is a suggestion which, if fulfilled, should brighten Whitehall and the whole country. The Minister would drive to his work each morning in a garlanded car with ten sturdy trumpeters riding ahead; clowns would tumble down the steps to greet him; his Permanent Under-Secretaries would be dressed like nursery rhyme characters, his responsible officials like jesters, his charladies like Marie Lloyd and his typists like the most glamorous of film-stars. And the hurling of custard-pies down corridors, the slitherings on orange peel, the shouts of laughter always "referred back for renewed consideration," the melody and the innocent delight—who would not be a Civil Servant then?

Evening News.

A Reed Shaken with the Wind

Mr. Eden's visit to Paris, we learn from our Correspondent in that capital, has not allayed French mistrust in British foreign policy. We are not surprised. For two years past—to go back no further—we ourselves have been struggling in vain to discover any thread of continuity.

Quite apart from questions of common courtesy towards our Stresa friends, this German naval agreement raises issues of still graver import. We cannot, of course, as far as this particular case is



concerned, absolve ourselves by any manner of sophistry from the reproach of an unheralded departure from the principles of February 3 and Stresa. But what of the future? Is the naval agreement just one isolated lapse which we do not intend to repeat? Or is it the forerunner of a policy of deliberate opportunism in which we shall strike what appears at the moment the best bargain we can with anybody and everybody and shall encourage others to do likewise? Or do we, perchance, intend a middle course of preliminary independent negotiations on each outstanding issue, the results of which will be fitted into the harmonious mosaic of a comprehensive settlement at the ripe hour? Mr. Eden has been twice to Paris within a week in order to give "assurances" to M. Laval, or, in other words, to explain away the circumstances under which we concluded the naval agreement. What, then, was the nature of his assurances? Did he plump for one or other of the three possible courses open? Or did he foreshadow a judicious blend of all three? Information on these matters is conflicting and suspiciously scanty; but it is at least significant that Mr. Eden has come back leaving behind him a trail of uncertainty and mistrust.

Morning Post.

Irish Broadsheet

This morning I received a copy of a versified broadsheet which is being used in the by-election in County Dublin. Here are four of its seven verses:

"Up, De Valera," was the cry,
When first we started battle,
"Down with the fateful treaty gang;
Give England no more cattle."
"Up, up," we cried, and up things went;
Before we "up" could utter,
In record time he quickly put
Fivepence upon the butter.

Now tea and flour and sugar's up,
And clothes for every wearer.
There isn't any blessed thing
That isn't sixpence dearer.



Our ship of State is straining hard,
Waves pouring from the scruppers.
No need for further shouting "up,"
We'll all be on our "uppers."

Evening Standard.

Robot drops a Brick

Moscow reports that two Kiev students have invented a machine which, with one man to mind it, will lay 58,000 bricks in seven hours. It will be of immense value to the Government, it is stated, in its drive to end the acute housing shortage. No



doubt it will—provided the surplus bricklayers are "liquidated" with the Ogpu's customary efficiency.

Evening News.

Hush - Hush Inquiry

The decision to hold part of the inquiry into the Welwyn disaster in secret is a bad one. It savours too much of a hushing-up policy. The nation is entitled to know the whole facts.

All the loss of human life on the railways that results from failure of the human element can be avoided.

There is a mechanical signal system that stops any train from running on to the same section of line as another. It is being operated at present on the London Underground and on the Great Western Railway.

The general manager of the L.N.E.R. says that his railway cannot afford to instal it.

Can it afford not to instal it?

Sunday Express.

Poisoning the Nation's Mind

By Kim

MR. ANTHONY EDEN'S hurried visits to Paris and Rome last week were concerned as everyone knows with some strange and unexplained desire on the part of the Government to prevail on M. Mussolini to submit his dispute with Abyssinia to the decision of the League of Nations. It was unsuccessful. It was more than unsuccessful because it was regarded by Italy as almost tantamount to an unfriendly act.

Now, however, we know the purpose of Mr. Eden's visit to Rome. He went to persuade M. Mussolini to withdraw his legions from the borders of Abyssinia, where they are only waiting the convenient hour to clean up this slave-ridden country, by offering him a bribe. This bribe Mr. Eden now actually admits and boasts of was to cede to Abyssinia a portion of British Somaliland, giving the Abyssinians access to the sea, in return for which they were to hand over to Italy the disputed territories. It was rejected by Mussolini and for the reason that he intends to clean up Abyssinia and proclaim a protectorate, which, in his case means the equivalent of an annexation.

Waning Prestige

Consider, however, the iniquity of Mr. Eden's offer. The British Government were ready to hand over not merely territory, but the lives and freedom of a semi-civilised state where slavery is notoriously practised despite the announcement made some weeks ago that it was from henceforth abolished. What right have this Government to barter the subjects of King George, without their consent? It would be bad enough to put forward such a tyrannical scheme if it were in furtherance of the interests of the Empire, or if the British nation defeated in war were compelled to cede some part of its territory. But what is the motive in this case? We are not concerned with the quarrel between Italy and Abyssinia. It is done solely to prop up the League of Nations. The Government are so committed to this destructive League that in a dispute between two foreign countries they are ready to surrender British territory and the lives and freedom of natives who trust in them, in order to save its face.

The continuance of the League of Nations is the explanation of the tortuous foreign and home policy of the Government. It is its only sheet anchor. Mr. Baldwin admitted this last Saturday in his speech in Bramham Park, near Leeds, when he told an audience of 40,000 people, that "The Covenant of the League of Nations is the sheet-anchor of British Policy." Realise what it means. No longer is it our own good right arm, our Navy, Army or Air Force, it is the League of Nations on which the Government depends. By the deliberate act of Mr. Baldwin, the country has politically sacrificed its independent judgment, its freedom of action, and in fact its sovereignty, and has assigned

them to a preposterous and useless League from which both Germany and Japan have resigned, which the United States have spurned from the beginning and from which Italy now threatens to withdraw. To bolster up its fast waning prestige Mr. Baldwin is prepared to give away a portion of our Empire, without the slightest consideration of the British nation apart from the Somalis. Anything more utterly humiliating, more significant of our decline as a great Power, it would be impossible to conceive. *It strikes at the root of the Empire and proves that the Government is Internationalist through and through.*

Government's White Flag

The League of Nations Union announced the other day the figures of the voting on the series of questions they propounded to such of the public as they could reach. The questions were so devised that to answer them with a "yes" or a "no" placed an honest person in an impossible position. As the *Morning Post* remarked, they were after the style of the old quip, "Have you stopped beating your wife?" especially in the question of economic sanctions, for as the League of Nations knows perfectly well, economic sanctions, otherwise an international boycott would immediately lead to war. The League of Nations has not brought the world nearer to peace, but nearer to war, for it has lulled a few nations, notably ourselves into a false sense of security, caused our Government to neglect its first task, the protection of the nation, and left us to-day defenceless if war broke out with any first class Power.

The League of Nations is wrapped up with disarmament. The mere pious expression of a desire for peace does not lead to it. The Kellogg Pact was signed by 56 nations, but actual wars and threats of wars have not been affected in the slightest degree. No pact will prevent a nation going to war if it is necessary in its view, or desirable, or if it is forced into it. Yet, this Government has pinned its white flag to the mast, the accursed Covenant of the League with disarmament. It is its policy proclaims Mr. Baldwin proudly. So in pursuance of this policy it is fooling the public, poisoning their minds with false statements, and using every means to that end. The B.B.C. are dragged in. Last Friday Mr. Arthur Henderson, whose views cut no ice, and is as rabid a crank as Lord Cecil, gave an address in London to a small audience, still believing that "collectivism" could save Europe from war and Lord Cecil piously hoped disarmament could still succeed. Why did the country have to listen to these cranks? Because the Government are using every step to poison the public mind in furtherance of disarmament. Whereas the only thing to prevent war is the strongest British re-armament policy.

THE GIVE-AWAY

By Hamadryad

The hairy but untrousered Aethiop
In Abyssinia dwells;
Untaught to shovel coal or raise a crop
He tends his flocks beside the desert wells.
At *dolce far niente* he excels,
And yet has nowhere where he wants to stop.
We cannot call a life like that Utopian,
And yet it seems to suit the Aethiopian.

No revolutions, no risorgimentos
Obscure his simple ken;
He pays no taxes, no depressing rent owes,
Joins no trade union, plies no busy pen,
But wanders where it pleases him and when,
Riding a camel or upon his ten toes,
And if some other tribe has got there first,
Fights to decide which one shall quench its thirst.

The scenery is fine, all travellers claim,
And travellers ought to know,
And I like scenery too, but all the same
That's not a place to which I want to go.
It's far too cold above and hot below,
And an abundance of the larger game
My choice would not so readily determine
As the ubiquity of hungry vermin.

Each to his taste! The Fascist eye far-rolling
On Afric shores is bent,
The Fascist mind has visions of controlling
Still larger portions of that continent,
Incidents happen, stern demands are sent,
The legions mobilise, the ships start coaling.
"Help!" cries the League of Nations. "This won't do."
And Musso answers "Neguses to you!"

But who's the happy warrior, who's the chap
Who with placatory whoop
Cries "Musso, hold! Forbear to change the map,
Or put the League of Nations in the soup.
Rather than Peace's dove should fly the coop,
The dogs of war begin to snarl and snap,
Can't we put paid to this unhappy story
With a large slice of British territory?"

Alas, poor Tony! All in vain you hustle.
Rolling a warlike eye.
Il Duce swears the League shall never muscle
In on his racket and had best not try.
He'll smite the Abyssinians hip and thigh,
Unless, indeed, he's worsted in the tussle.
Well, let them fight, and just remember, pray,
It's not *your* job to give our colonies away.

Remodelled Childhood

By Meriel Buchanan

IN my article last week I exposed the death sentence meted out to ten children recently by the Soviet, also the disgraceful condition of some of the orphanages and asylums, and the all too soon forgotten horrors of the "Deserted Children," bands of whom are still living in hiding in Moscow and the other big towns, or roaming from place to place, making a living by begging and stealing. But there is another aspect of child welfare in Russia which we are apt sometimes to overlook.

We discuss the intensive Communist education in the schools, the training of the young minds to a socialistic standard, the cult of atheism and ungodliness, and we do not always realise that these children we are discussing will not remain in school indefinitely. All the time they are growing up, being turned out into the world, offsprings of revolution and chaos, products of an educational experiment that passes all description. The Soviet has made it its business to "remodel childhood." It has swept away all the old doctrines and codes, it has done away with families and homes, religion and faith and compassion and put in their place hatred, cruelty, irreverence, blasphemy and a cold, bitter scepticism.

The Right to Kill

The Soviet Government has been in power now for eighteen years, and the children who were born in 1917 are now standing on the threshold of life, ready to go out into the world, to fight for their beliefs (or rather unbeliefs) to teach their doctrines, and spread the influence of their new education among their fellows. They know nothing of conditions as they were before the war. Their whole outlook on life will be based on what they have seen and heard in Russia, on what they have been taught in the schools. "We do not hold parental respect as a general principle." That is one of the new commandments laid down by the Soviet, the other is the right to kill. "The murder of an incorrigible enemy of the revolution is legal, ethical murder, a legal death sentence, for Communism does not recognise the metaphysical value of human existence." What effect are such words as these going to have on the impressionable mind of a child? What sort of man or woman will that child become?

But it is not only the children in Russia who the Communists are "remodelling." It is the children all over the world, and more especially in England, for the U.S.S.R. has always known England to be the greatest obstacle to Lenin's dream of world revolution, and world domination, and they realise that in the corruption of the children lies their one hope of destroying England's resistance and power. The corruption of the

children! Do we realise quite what that means? Mothers, who love your children, who have brought them up to be clean and wholesome and sweet and loving, do you ever think what it would mean to have those children taken away from you, by the State, educated by the State, turned from the children you knew and loved into little hooligans, disobedient, hard, unruly, unfilial and perverted?

Horrible Propaganda

Yet, already in English schools, not only in London, but all over the country children are being taught to defy their parents, to mock at religion and hate the so-called capitalist class. In 1922 the "Educational Worker's League," a section of the Russian "Educational Worker's International," was founded in England, in order that it might spread Communist propaganda in the schools and degrade the minds of the growing generation of English children, in the hopes that, when they reach the age of maturity they will no longer have that sane, balanced, normal mind which has always distinguished the British Middle Class and made them so steadfast and loyal a backbone to the Empire.

Take a bird's eye view of the outskirts of London, of those far reaching suburbs, those new colonies of bungalows and garden cities, of those hundreds and thousands of little houses, with their modern labour saving devices, their well kept gardens, and miniature garages, each one of them constituting a centre of family life. And in nearly every one of these little houses there is a child, who, either as an out-boarder or in-boarder of a school, will always return joyfully, eagerly, who will always think of that house as a home, a refuge, a place of shelter and security and happiness. Is all this to be swept away? Is this child's mind to be misled, and perverted by the seditious, horrible propaganda now being so extensively spread and carried out by the Soviet?

Anti-Religious Teachings

Speaking of the "Educational Workers League" in England, the "Christian Protest Movement News," published the following extract in their Jubilee Number. "At a recent Conference in Paris, English teachers joined in singing the 'Red Internationale' . . . One of the chief objects of discussion was as to the best methods of getting the subversive and anti-religious teachings into the minds of children. It was suggested by delegates from this country that there was no lesson which could not be turned to advantage. Four definite ways were given. 1, Scripture; 2, English, in say Shelley, and use Kipling the wrong way round; 3, History, in many ways; 4, Esperanto. The 'Educational Worker's League' assisted in the

production of an exhibition in London which gave in detail the stages of training children in Atheism as practised in Russia."

When Mr. Eden visited Moscow in the Spring, the leaders of the U.S.S.R. were emphatic in their assurances that Russia had no interest in undermining England's prosperity, and yet, all the time

this organised propaganda is being carried out amongst British school teachers, while the *Daily Worker*, the organ of the Soviet, spreads its poison amongst the people, unmolested by a Government, too interested and sympathetic with Socialism to take any action, or to heed the danger of this perversion of the nation's youth.

The Fated League

By Robert Machray

ON Saturday last Mr. Baldwin in a speech, hailed as usual by the hack Press as a triumph of exposition, dealt somewhat lightly and casually, as is his wont, with foreign affairs. To the diplomatic world he has long conveyed the impression that they bore him, and that, recognising the fact that in his position he must refer to these bothering things now and again, he takes care to make these occasions as infrequent as possible. But with Europe in its present frightful mess, and even more with all the political stir preparatory to a General Election not far distant in this country, he could scarcely avoid saying something about them when addressing the faithful in Yorkshire last week-end.

He declared that the "Covenant of the League of Nations is the sheet-anchor of British policy." It was curious and probably significant that he put the stress on the Covenant of the League rather than on the League itself; surely it must have been because he knows very well that the Covenant and the League have not been and are not in practice the same, however much they should be identical according to the theorists. Nobody needs to be told nowadays that on all the great questions submitted to it the League has failed, notwithstanding the Covenant.

Having looked in vain for that whole-hearted co-operation our Government had promised, France has not accepted Mr. Anthony Eden's reassurances in too welcoming a mood. Since Soviet Russia was permitted to join the League, and especially since the signing of the defensive alliance between France and the Soviet, France is keener on the League than ever, and her Press said plainly enough that the Naval Agreement was just another blow at the League and one that was dealt by the hand of a Government that posed as its best friend!

Italy's attitude was and is different. She has long been a critic of the League, and has carefully studied its proceedings and their results. It will be recalled that one of the issues expected from the London Declaration was that Germany would return to the League within a comparatively short time. On Sunday last Dr. Goebbels, the Third Reich's Minister of Propaganda and Enlightenment, and no doubt thoroughly well-informed about everything that has been and is going on, said the expectation of the return of Germany to

the League was nothing but an *illusion*. The truth, of course, is that Germany has got on not only very well, but in point of fact much better, by being outside the League.

Signor Mussolini, a realist of the realists, has noted that fact, as also the complementary fact that the same may be said of Japan as of Germany. Both have gained, not lost, by withdrawing from Geneva. No one can contradict that statement, for it is obviously justified by events. With his great adventure in Abyssinia before him, Mussolini asks himself what Italy has to gain or lose by retiring from the League, and he argues that at least she has nothing to hope for if she remains in the League, and much in all probability if she quits it.

Abyssinia has appealed to the League, and the resultant situation is that if the League condemns Mussolini, as is urged by Lord Cecil and his friends, Italy will withdraw from it, or if it does not condemn him, it will be seen by all men to be the hollow sham, mockery and snare it has always been. The statement made on Monday in the House of Commons by Mr. Eden confirmed the news already given in the papers of his failure to move Mussolini by a compensatory offer of territory to Abyssinia if she accepted some of Italy's demands. What Mr. Eden made perfectly clear was that our fatuous Government had made this offer in order to save the League from its fate.

To leave aside for the present the free-handed giving away of British territory without the sanction of Parliament, a proceeding of which the House naturally showed disapproval, the point to be stressed in this article was contained in Mr. Eden's observation that the Government "could not remain indifferent to events which might profoundly affect the League's future." It is pertinent, then, to inquire what the Government now proposes to do, seeing that its plan has come to nothing because of Mussolini's refusal to accept the offer.

Events, grim and decisive, have demonstrated that Disarmament as a policy has had to be thrown into the discard—even our wretched Government has come to see it in part. Events, equally grim and decisive, are now showing that the League, powerless except for mischief, must be thrown into the discard too. And the sooner, the better.

War and "Jungle Rule"

By Boyd Cable

LAST week Sir Bolton Eyres-Monsell, First Lord of the Admiralty, announced to the House of Commons that Germany has agreed never again to resort to what was known as "unrestricted submarine warfare," explaining that this meant German U-boats in another war would not resort to "sinking at sight" any merchant vessel, and would not sink one without first placing passengers, crew and ship's papers "in a place of safety." Mr. Bevan, a Socialist Member, asked if the First Lord believed that if a nation was on the verge of defeat "and thought that victory could be obtained by violating the convention, it would observe this?" The Press states that the First Lord "retorted sternly" to this question to the effect that this was a policy of despair, that no treaty could be made with anybody, and "it would mean that we would have returned to jungle rule."

It is distinctly refreshing and even cheering to find a Member of Parliament, and especially a Socialist one, who is not ready to swallow, "hook, line and sinker," any promise to restrict war or armaments or anything about them made by another country. The usual tendency is rather to accept all such promises eagerly and take them as a reason for keeping down or cutting down our own armed forces and abandoning any peace-time preparation to combat measures a possible enemy has promised to give up. But the Socialist might equally have "retorted sternly" to the reply given him by saying our accepting these promises with a large grain of salt would not be a return to "jungle rule" in war, because war was last fought, and there is every reason to believe would again be fought, under the rules of jungle law. War, in fact, is jungle law and nothing else, the law of kill or be killed, ruthless all-in slaughter and destruction.

An Act of Suicide

Even where we believe such promises and conventions are made in all good faith and with every intention of abiding by them, it is still impossible to rely on them or to suppose that a people "on the verge of defeat" might not, would not, change their minds and insist on their Government and armed forces taking every possible measure to avert it, whether or not under jungle rules. We know now how very near Germany came to bringing us to a point of starvation by the "unrestricted sinking" of food and munition ships. Can we believe that while the Germans believed it to be a sole or a main hope of winning the war, they would have tolerated any abandoning of their weapon and throwing away almost the entire value of the great U-boat fleet they had built up? There is the more reason to doubt whether this particular convention would be kept because it would practically wipe out any real use that could be made of submarines against us.

The promise is that a submarine would not sink a merchant ship until passengers and crew were "in a place of safety." To turn them adrift in open boats far from the land would not be a "place of safety," especially if there were a considerable number of passengers, including women and children, on board. The submarine would therefore be bound to escort a surrendered ship near enough to the land for the boats to reach it safely. To do anything of the sort would be an act of suicide for the submarine, because the instant she broke surface to demand surrender, and even before she could do so formally, the merchantman's wireless would have reported the position, and destroyers would be racing to the destruction of the U-boat. A nation which commands (or expects to command) the sea surface could afford to make such a promise and keep it while it kept surface command.

Let us be Strong

Let's be blunt and drop all hypocrisy about these conventions made in peace. We stuck to that old convention which Germany now promises to keep, because we risked nothing in doing so. But when Germany broke the convention against the use of gas, the Allies risked too much if they refrained from similar use of it; so we used it. When Germany broke the rule about bombing "open towns" and killing women and children, we clamoured for reprisals and applauded the statesmen who promised retaliation in kind and to "give them hell." No class of our people, I may add, were more enthusiastic and delighted when we did begin bombing the towns of the Rhine valley than the labour and working class our Labour Party and Socialists fondly believe they represent.

I repeat that war already is "jungle rule," and will become more and more so. We will be wise if we accept that fact, with all the reservations the First Lord of the Admiralty may like about our abiding by Queensberry Rules as long as the other fellow does so.

Let us also accept the first basic rule of jungle law that the stronger you are, the less risk you run of being attacked; and that the weaker you become, the more certainly you invite attack. The lion, king of beasts, the tiger, lord of the jungle, does not attack a full-grown elephant or the fit fighting bull buffalo. But if the bull drops out of the herd, sick, wounded, crippled or weak, even the cowardly hyenas and wolves hang round waiting their chance to jump in and snap, hamstring or pull him down. There are beasts in the jungle, and in the nations. Both obey the jungle law—no mercy for the weak, no respect but for the strong. Therefore, let us be strong.

Eve in Paris

NEARLY six hundred guests assembled at the "Ambassadeurs" for the great champagne banquet, presided over by Madame Achille Fould. With her husband she had at her table the Belgian Ambassador and his wife, Princess Murat, and M. Jacques Fourcade, whose wit sparkled like the champagne. Madame François Pietri entertained the British Ambassador, Lady Clerk and a large party; the Ambassador of Spain and Madame de Cardenas, the Canadian Minister and Mrs. Philippe Roy were the guests of Madame Marchandeu; Madame Jules Pams had invited the Minister of Czechoslovakia and Madame Osuski, also Mademoiselle José Laval. The Marquis and Marquise de Polignac, and the Comtesse Guy de Polignac were hosts to many friends. Lovely women, frocks and jewels, the best of fare, and the choicest wines of Epernay and Rheims in magnums, what more could be desired? Twenty-two different brands of champagne were served: the Polignacs favouring Pommery, the Comte de La Beraudière Heidsieck Monopole, while the Grand Duke Dimitri's choice is Perrier Jouet.

WHAT exactly is the Académie Française, which has just celebrated its tricentenary? Founded by Cardinal Richelieu, Voltaire described it as "A body which receives Personages of Title and of Note, Lawyers, Doctors, Scientists, and even Men of Letters." Others have called it "a club subsidised by the State." Monseigneur Baudrillard considers it "a company of men of the world and men of letters, representing French society." Unquestionably the nucleus of the Académie is literary, and renders great services, guarding the purity of the French language, working on the dictionary, distributing prizes to writers of talent, admitting not only authors, but churchmen, statesmen, soldiers and scientists. It is a venerable assembly, "A salon," says Emile Faguet, "where distinguished old men watch each other die."

Four day's ceremonies honoured the august Institute, commencing on Monday with a solemn Mass at the Sorbonne, followed by a visit to the National Gallery to view interesting souvenirs and portraits of former academicians, and a reception at the Elysée. On Tuesday the Académie met at the Louvre, in the hall allotted to it by Louis XIV, a picturesque scene, with the green coats of the Frenchmen and the representatives of Foreign Universities (Teheran, even, sending a delegate), many in handsome uniforms. Wednesday the illustrious forty were hosts at Chantilly and they managed to secure for their garden party a fine day, and feminine youth and beauty. On Thursday took place the reception of Marshal Franchet d'Espèrey elected to the great Lyautey's vacant

chair at the Académie. The Marshal wore for the first time the coveted green coat, and cocked hat, and leaned heavily on his two sticks. He made an admirable speech eulogising his predecessor. M. Abel Bonnard's reply was a masterpiece of oratory. The proceedings ended with a banquet at the Foreign Office, presided over by M. Lebrun.

PARIS is revelling in the summer weather, which arrived so suddenly. The Bois de Boulogne affords an ideal playground for rich and poor. It is delightful to watch the racing at Auteuil, or Longchamps, and go on for tea to the fashionable polo club at Bagatelle, to attend a garden party at the Pré Catalan, or the gay dinner given by the "Saisons de Paris" under the trees at Armenonville. In the Bois also took place M. Guimier's great entertainment in honour of French aviation, at which art, literature, fashion and sport were well represented. H.R.H. Princess Sixte of Bourbon-Parma, General Denain, Air Minister, and Madame Denain; Prince and Princesse de Broglie; M. Pierre Lyautey; Mademoiselle Deutsch de la Meurthe, deeply interested in aviation, and the intrepid air-woman Maryse Hilsz, whose record for high flying has just been exceeded by Marchesa Negrone, were amongst interesting personalities present.

THE "Gala de la France d'Outre-mer" drew "Tout Paris" to the equally beautiful, but unfashionably situated Bois de Vincennes, scene of the great Colonial exhibition of whose former glories only remain the museum and the zoo. The President of the Republic was received by M. Rollin who had organised the evening's entertainment and by General Denain, and others specially interested in France's Overseas Empire. They banqueted to the strains of Tunisian music played by the band of the Zouaves, and at midnight the tableaux commenced, all showing what French heroism has achieved in foreign lands. St. Louis, wearing proudly his coat of mail, was shown with his Crusaders, starting for Tunis. Dupleix, greatest of Colonial Governors, Clive's rival in India, left by his country to die in want and obscurity, was seen in his glory receiving King Chanda at Pondichéry, Faidherbe appeared in Senegal, de Brazza in the equatorial forests; and fifty Cambodian beauties danced their sacred dances. After many interesting episodes the climax was reached when Signoret, admirably made up to represent the great Lyautey stepped on the scene. There was a moment's silence in homage to the Marshal, then enthusiastic acclamations broke out: for France cherishes the memory of a gallant soldier and a wise administrator.

Our Glorious Navy

By a Naval Correspondent

ON July 16th, when His Majesty reviews his Fleet in the Channel, there will be more than one hundred and fifty ships assembled, manned by over fifty thousand officers and ratings. It will be a pageant of sea-power unequalled throughout the world for its might and the greatest assembly of warships seen in British waters since the war. The greater part of the Mediterranean Fleet has been recalled to play its part in this triumphant salute to His Majesty, and many ships of the Reserve Fleet have been recommissioned to swell the numbers. Battleships, battle cruisers, cruisers, destroyers, submarines, fleet auxiliaries, there are types of every class of vessel to delight the eye and impress the heart with a sense of Britain's traditional mastery of the sea.

Of the many ships present, two will be of outstanding interest. The Royal Yacht *Victoria and Albert*, that graceful ship which has for so long been associated with the Royal Family will moor at the head of one of the lines of battleships. She is thirty-six years old, but her lines still delight the eyes of all who appreciate beautiful ships. Her black and gold hull, white upperworks and yellow masts and funnels make her a picture at sea that is unforgettable. She is a stately ship, the largest and most beautiful yacht in the world, and she carries treasures on board that recall glorious pages of England's naval history. There is the Nelson Vase and the Collingwood Vase, the White Ensign flown on the sledge which reached the South Pole in Captain Scott's expedition, two silver speaking trumpets from the *Royal George*, and one of Lord Nelson's calling cards, framed in *Victory* oak. Her hand-steering gear and binnacles came from the *Royal George* and are magnificent specimens of the ornamental scroll-work which was a feature of the ships of that day.

The Old Iron Duke

The other ship which should attract attention is the old *Iron Duke*. She carried the flag of Sir John Jellicoe during the battle of Jutland, and it was in the Admiral's cabin on board her that Sir David Beatty, as he was then, received the surrender of the whole German Fleet from Rear-Admiral von Reuter at the close of the war. The last survivor of her class, she has been turned into a boy's training ship, but her gallant old hull will still grace this great assembly. She was a great ship in her day and she saw history made that was staggering in its immensity. During the evening and night of May 31st, 1916, her bridge carried the destiny of Britain in the person of Sir John Jellicoe, Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Fleet during the greatest naval battle of all time. Two-and-a-half years later, her cabin witnessed the final triumph of Britain's sea-power, when the naval might of Germany was humbled and humiliated.

Two other veterans of the battle of Jutland will be present in H.M.S. *Barham*, now flying the flag of Rear-Admiral Max Horton, and H.M.S. *Valiant* which were attached to Sir David Beatty's battle-cruiser force. The *Barham's* scars are hidden now, but she was hit six times by heavy shells, having twenty-six men killed and thirty-seven wounded. The largest warship in the world, H.M.S. *Hood*, will be there, and also the two great post-war battleships, *Rodney* and *Nelson*, the latter flying the flag of Admiral the Earl of Cork and Orrery, Commander-in-Chief of the Home Fleet. These ships, with their triple turrets of 16-inch guns, are mighty reminders of Britain's strength, powerful mastodons to keep the freedom of the seas.

A Great Assembly

The aircraft-carriers *Courageous* and *Furious*, the new destroyers of the *Fury* class, the submarines *Swordfish* and *Seahorse*, the cruisers *Leander* and *London*, are all likely to come in for considerable attention as examples of the latest designs in naval architecture. Their interest is especially great just at the present moment, when talk of naval limitation and treaties is in the air. But there are other ships of interest besides warships. Several great liners are to be anchored close to the lines of naval vessels, the *Berengaria*, *Asturias*, *Alcantara* and many others. Another interesting vessel is the *Bluenose*, the famous racing schooner of the Newfoundland Bank fishing fleet. She has just sailed across the Atlantic and her inclusion amongst the great gathering is due to the King's express wish that representatives of the Merchant Navy and the fishing industry should be included in the Review.

It will be a wonderful sight, this great assembly of noble vessels. Once in a lifetime it occurs, and it sends once again the spirit of patriotic pride coursing through our veins. We see, in the gaps between the ships, the shadows of history. The *Golden Hind*, the *Bellerophon*, the fighting *Temeraire*, the old *Dreadnought*, the *Victory* of immortal memory. In our imagination we picture Drake leading his hornets towards the Armada, Howe breaking the French line on the Glorious First of June, Boscawen descending on Lagos like an avenging eagle, Nelson crowding all sail on the *Victory* to reach the enemy at Trafalgar. Something of the sea runs in every Briton's veins, so that he thrills to the sight of great ships that "pass on the seas upon their lawful occasions," and recalls once again those grand words that form the preamble to the Articles of War devised by Charles II for the guidance of his Navy, "It is upon the Navy under the good Providence of God that the safety, honour and welfare of this Realm do chiefly depend."

Mother Love

By Dan Russell

THE old doe rabbit sat close to her bury and munched the short sweet grass which grew so thickly in the upland meadow. She was a disreputable, ragged-looking creature. Her chest was almost bare of fur, and the remainder of her coat was ragged and uneven. But the roughness of her appearance was her own doing. Just behind her lay the bury where her young would soon be born and at the end of that bury was a nest of dried grasses. This nest was lined with the fur which she had plucked in profusion from her own breast so that her young would lie snug and warm.

The bury was a new one. It consisted only of a single hole, scratched some six feet into the bank for it was for the sole use of herself and her young. Her mate she had driven away, for the buck rabbit has but a poor notion of parental duties. At the first opportunity he will eat his own young.

She sat hunched in the evening sunlight, her jaws moving rhythmically as she chewed the tender blades. But never did she move far from the hole in the bank for she was in no condition to run if fox or stoat appeared in the field.

The Invader

With the coming of night she retired to her bury, and when the sun rose on the following morning there were eight squirming babies in the fur-lined nest. They were blind, pink creatures, scarcely as large as a man's thumb and as helpless as kittens. They remained blind for eight days. At the end of two weeks they were big enough to venture forth and play in the grass, and in a few days more they were weaned and almost independent of their mother. But the whole family still retained the small bury as its home. Every evening they came out to feed, tiny, furry creatures, who hopped and skipped about in sheer joy of life while their mother ate and kept a sharp look-out for danger.

It was upon one of these fine evenings that they had moved further than usual from the hole. They were all intent upon their meal when there was a swift patter of footsteps, a frightened squeal, and a fox cantered off with a young rabbit between his jaws. Instantly the white scuts bobbed as the others raced back to their sanctuary. But in ten minutes they were out again, for the rabbit is the supreme fatalist of the animal world. The old doe was more cautious after this tragedy and tried to keep her flock together, but to no avail. They would wander off alone in spite of her efforts to round them up.

One evening the family were out in the field as usual when one of them, bolder than the rest, hopped away by himself towards the middle of the field. Now this was a very foolish thing for a rabbit to do, but he was young and inexperienced, and for once his mother failed to see him. He rejoiced in his daring and ate by himself never

dreaming of any danger that might threaten. But he was soon to have a rude awakening.

Through the hedge at the far end of the field came a small red animal, little and sinuous. He moved with a peculiarly easy, undulating gait. When he came into the field he sat up on his haunches and gazed around with fierce, red eyes. He saw the little family away by the hedge, and then he saw the lone youngster in the middle of the field. He pricked his ears and dropped on to all fours and very stealthily began to stalk his intended prey.

The young rabbit browsed happily, unconscious of the menace which crept nearer to him every moment. The stoat drew nearer, and when he was within ten yards he charged. The rabbit heard the swish of his oncoming between the grasses, but before he could move, the sharp teeth had sunk into his neck. He squealed piteously in terror and flung himself about in a vain endeavour to free himself of his grim rider.

Shock for a Killer

The old doe rabbit heard the agonised squeal and bolted with her flock for safety. But suddenly she stopped. The doomed youngster was still yelling for help. The old doe turned in her tracks and raced towards him. The stoat was wrestling savagely with his victim, sinking his teeth further into the soft flesh with every convulsive struggle. He heard a rapid patter of feet, but heeded it not. There was no danger to him from the old doe rabbit.

Suddenly he received a blow which knocked him sprawling on the ground. Instantly he twisted to his feet, chattering with fury. Facing him was the old doe while the youngster was racing across the field to the burrow.

Scarcely had the stoat regained his feet when the old doe jumped. Right over her snarling foe she leaped and as she did so she kicked out with her powerful hind-legs. Again the killer measured his length upon the turf. This time he was slower in getting up. He was sick and dizzy from that fearful blow. Again the old rabbit leaped and kicked.

She had no sharp teeth to worry and rend, but those strong hind-legs could deal a buffet strong enough to disconcert a stoat. Again and again she beat him until the dreaded killer turned and fled. Then, when the danger was over, the old doe seemed to realise the foolhardiness of her conduct. Like lightning she bolted for the bury and joined her breathless frightened young.

It was a very sick and sorry stoat who wended his way slowly down the ditch with buzzing head and aching limbs. For the first time in his life he had met the mother love which can turn a timid rabbit into a fearless fighter. And within half-an-hour of his going the little family was again abroad in the pleasant meadow. As I have said, Brer Rabbit is a fatalist,

Mussolini—The Maker of Italy

By H. Warner Allen

MUSSOLINI stands alone as the greatest man of the 20th century. Hitler has not yet had time to challenge the Duce's supremacy. Mussolini has had the harder task and has shown a greater wisdom in avoiding that battle with religion which is still foolishly being waged in Germany.

Thirty years ago a number of Italians were discussing the future of Young Italy in a Roman *salon*. The hostess had been a friend of both Garibaldi and Mazzini and though English-born had identified herself with the Risorgimento which had united Italy politically and most of her guests had some connections with that adventurous movement. There were many critics of the existing regime.

A man who had fought with Garibaldi deprecated the violence of some of these complaints and reminded us of a recent incident. A general strike had been declared and for a day or two the strikers had things all their own way. They went about in gangs beating up the police and law-abiding citizens made no attempt to help the defenders of order, though they were the chief sufferers through the strike. One day, however, a policeman who was having a particularly bad time with a gang of ruffians shouted out to the onlookers, "Why don't you come and help me?" The suggestion came apparently as a surprise.

Direct Action

Italians are a long-suffering race and inclined to leave the state to defend itself. Events, however, showed that their patience was at an end, for they responded with enthusiasm to the policeman's cry for aid. They thrashed those particular bullies within an inch of their lives. Then they called on other citizens to join them and marched through the streets in bands. The tables were turned. The strikers who had attacked isolated policemen found themselves assaulted by more than equal forces. The general strike came to an end. "Italia farà da se." "Italy will act in its own way." This direct action on the part of the people lay at the root of Fascism.

Mussolini was the man appointed to express the national spirit of united Italy and even before the war his personality marked him for his high destiny. It was written of him in 1912:

Our Mussolini is not an ordinary Socialist. Believe me, you will one day perhaps see him at the head of a sacred battalion, saluting the flag of Italy with his sword. He is an Italian of the fifteenth century, a *condottiere*. No one yet knows it; but he is the only man of energy capable of repairing the weakness of the Government.

Dr. Finer, the author of "Mussolini's Italy" (Gollancz, 18s.), who is certainly hostile to Fascism and its leader, writes in the following terms of Mussolini.

Mussolini has a profound knowledge of men. Men are to him like those clocks whose works are cased in glass in order that they can be seen. He mingles with his soldiers at manoeuvres and sings songs for them. He goes into the fields, does a morning's work bringing in the harvest, and draws his two shillings pay. He takes off his coat and shows the pullover he is wearing. When the young men come to visit him to receive their prizes for Fascist literary or athletic competitions, he is seen from afar riding round the grounds of his villa; he gives an entirely impromptu display of fine horsemanship, and draws up with a rush, a curvet and a strong hand on the bit, directly in front of the group.

A Great Reader

The same observer remarks that Mussolini is distinguished by an exceptionally wide knowledge of science and philosophy. No statesman since Gladstone has read so hard as he. Moreover he has a complete contempt for material rewards, money, comfort, position. The industry of the man is unspeakable. Over and above all his official activities, in seven years he granted over 60,000 audiences and interested himself in 1,887,112 affairs of citizens, coming to him directly from his private secretaries.

To this description Gentile, the philosopher adds:

But the major contribution of the personality of Mussolini to the ideas which he represents, is the great moral force which emanates from him, his prestige, his fascination which he exercises on the individuals who meet him, and the masses to whom he speaks in meetings of many thousands of persons, who had never before been seen crowding together excitedly to listen to an orator. Moral force, which springs from the absolute faith which he, before all, has in his own ideas and the providential mission which he is destined to fulfil for his country, and the great humanity of his soul, closed to every individual interest and only open to the vast generous sentiment of those ideal goods which transcend the individual and concern the Fatherland in its honour, its glory, in its security and prosperity, and, therefore, in its power and its value in the history of the world.

This great man came to Italy at a time when the system, a spurious imitation of British parliamentarism, had been weighed and found wanting. It was bad enough that there should be disorder in the streets, that such a criminal organisation as the Mafia should exercise more power than the American gangsters, that the men who had fought and suffered for their country were mocked and despised. What was worse the nation had forgotten its self-confidence and traditions, had lost its faith.

It was faith, belief in themselves and Italy, that Mussolini restored for Italians and as each year passes, there is less danger that this ideal of patriotism can be smothered. For Fascism knows that the young are the generation of to-morrow and never forgets to-morrow. The sentiment of discipline and military education lie at the roots of education. "The greatness of the Fatherland

must bind in a strong sentiment of genuine fraternity all the young blackshirts."

Order may be thus defined: "Each thing in its place; a place for each thing." Order is the element which marks the place of every individual, every army, every people, in the hierarchy of values; it is the most formidable arm of unsubdued wills. Those armies are victorious which carry an idea on the point of their bayonets. We carry the idea of order, rank, authority of the State, against the suicidal theory of disorder, indiscipline and irresponsibility.

When one has listened to the fulsome promises of the demagogue, Mussolini's offers to his

followers come like a cleansing wind. He promises them no spoils of office, no wealth, no ease and comfort. The Socialists promise happiness to all men. Mussolini teaches not the doctrine "Live comfortably," but "Live dangerously."

Life, he writes, as conceived by the Fascist is serious, austere, religious: all poised in a world sustained by the moral and responsible forces of the spirit. Fascism disdains the comfortable life.

"First duties and then rights," he insists again and again. "There are no rights without duties."

Make Racing Comfortable

By David Learmonth

LITTLE more than three months ago we were all busy predicting a bumper racing season. Now, two months after the Jubilee celebrations, we find that not all racecourse executives have been able to report glistening receipts, in fact in several cases they have been less than at the corresponding meetings last year.

I feel that the completion of the new stands of the July course at Newmarket is a fitting moment to comment upon this state of affairs; because I am certain that the class of accommodation provided for the public has been the cause of much financial disappointment this season. In days gone by the meetings on the July course were voted by everyone who was anyone the most delightful of the whole season. It was true that the highest class of racing was not seen there; but the informal, picnic atmosphere, the charming situation, and the pleasure of strolling leisurely in the paddock in the shade of the trees were considered ample compensation for any shortcomings in any other direction.

And so they were—for the more favoured few. Those less fortunate racegoers who had to stand in the sweltering heat without any comfortable retreat told a different story when they returned home. Still, it was a long time before anyone suggested that their requirements should be catered for.

That the Jockey Club, a body with a decidedly conservative reputation, should have considered it necessary to construct not only new, but up-to-date stands is a sign of the times which cannot be ignored. When one thinks of the many other pressing reforms which it has failed to carry out, one realises that only a situation of the utmost gravity could have induced it to take so revolutionary a step. But if exclusive Newmarket has lagged behind the times—so have other courses and for less commendable reasons. Greed for dividends and a short sighted policy have too often retarded progress in such cases.

The truth of the matter is that there are far more counter attractions to racing to-day than there have

ever been before. Betting, with the added thrill of seeing one's money lost before one's eyes, can be indulged in every evening, if one lives in London, and quite frequently enough in any large size provincial town, to satisfy the majority of gamblers, who, either do not need any longer to go racing or have no money left to go with. It is true that the great majority of those who go to the dogs are not potential racegoers except once in a while. But the once-and-a-while racegoer helped to swell receipts and he has become the "practically never," while there is undoubtedly a proportion of regular greyhound fans who would go racing fairly often if there were not this cheaper and more convenient method of staking their money.

What eventually will be the effect of pony racing under Jockey Club rules it is too early to conjecture. At present meetings under Pony Turf Club rules are carried on only at Portsmouth and at Northolt Park; but both are admirably managed. The fact remains, however, that Northolt—I have not been to Portsmouth—attracts very large crowds and, what is more, is certain to attract still larger. In preparation for the present season the stands were enlarged and other extensive improvements were made which have completely justified themselves. The Northolt executive, in fact, instead of saying that they would provide adequate accommodation after they got the people provided the accommodation first, using the argument that if they provided them with what they wanted and advertised the fact, they will get the people.

That many of the present Northolt patrons are drawn from a new class of sportsman who was not hitherto a racegoer is undoubtedly true; but they should all be potential recruits to the legitimate game. Nevertheless, a number of regular racing folk pay a Saturday or Monday visit to the ponies and I have not met one of them who has not praised the arrangements to the detriment of those at most meetings under Jockey Club rules. Apart from the adequate accommodation at Northolt the catering, too often the bug-bear at other meetings, is excellent.

Birth of the Aerial Torpedo

By Major Oliver Stewart

WHEN introducing its latest toy, the radio controlled aeroplane, the Air Ministry was careful to emphasise that it was designed for use as a *target*. It was, so that guileless department would apparently have us believe, an ingenious device for enabling our anti-aircraft gunners to get better practice; an aerial coconut to be subjected to the shies of the Army and Navy gunnery experts; a poor, weak, harmless little thing to be sacrificed to the great brutal guns.

I do not suppose one person in a million took any notice of the Air Ministry's peaceful prevarications, for the truth was obvious. It may be briefly put thus: The radio controlled aeroplane has increased the striking power of aviation and multiplied the potential horrors of aerial attack. It is true that the "Queen Bee," which is the name given to the Air Ministry's wireless-controlled machine, is designed and used for target practice. But the technique of wireless control developed by the Farnborough technologists can be employed for directing a bombing machine.

Work in Secret

During the war there was a great deal of talk about "aerial torpedoes." I had a good deal to do with air armament and I cannot discover any trace of any successful aerial torpedo ever having been used. The idea of an aeroplane, loaded with high explosive or poison gas instead of with guns and a crew, set to fly on a given course and finally to dive on to its objective, was not too far-fetched; but the problems of carrying it out were too much for the technique of those days. But since then, by a gradual series of steps, the practical and trustworthy radio control of aeroplanes has been developed. The work has been going on in "secret," which meant in this case, as it usually does mean, that the people of almost every country except our own knew all about it.

So now the aerial torpedo, an aeroplane packed with high explosive, but with no crew or guns, directed by wireless either from the ground or from another machine, is an open possibility. It would be a mistake to exaggerate the capabilities of this kind of machine. At the moment the radius of action of the "Queen Bee" is only ten miles, its speed only 100 miles an hour and its ceiling about 10,000 ft. But in essentials the system of radio control is the same as that used for guiding warships and therefore there is no reason to suppose that it could not handle a large, fast aeroplane, or that the range capabilities will not be vastly increased as time goes on.

Nor is there any reason to suppose that the problems of handling formations of machines in the air will not be solved, difficult though they admittedly are. The conclusion must be, therefore, that the marine torpedo will eventually—in two years perhaps, in ten years almost certainly—

have its counterpart in the air; that the aerial torpedo, a myth of the war, will become a fact of the peace. It remains to ask if the destructive powers of an aerial torpedo are likely to be greater than those of bombs, aimed and released by aeroplane crews. Bombs of enormous weight have been tried and found less satisfactory than bombs of medium and small weight. At the moment 500 lb. is regarded as about the useful limit, though the value of bigger bombs for special purposes is admitted. Would the aerial torpedo bring any advantage to the attacking forces other than that of a greater weight of explosive?

Like many of the questions of aerial warfare, this one cannot be answered definitely in times of peace. It is a matter which can be tested thoroughly only on active service. The aerial torpedo would have the advantage of its "inhumanity." The best and bravest crew of a bombing aeroplane is susceptible to human weaknesses. Its members will be flurried by attack by other aircraft and by anti-aircraft fire. They may even be so mentally shattered that they will turn before reaching their objective and, in any event, vigorous attack will almost always impair their aim and bombing efficiency.

A Formidable Weapon

The aerial torpedo will be subject to no such weaknesses. Directed from a point beyond the battle area, nothing short of actual destruction will prevent it reaching its objective and diving upon it with the accuracy of the mechanism. Nor is it positive that the wireless controlled aerial torpedo will be very vulnerable to single-seater fighters. Armouring the vital parts, such as the engine, is a possibility; the use of exceptionally high speeds, with catapult launching, is another possibility. In short the aerial torpedo, if it continues to develop, is likely to prove a formidable weapon of attack. It could never oust the human controlled bomber; but it might supplement it. Whether Great Britain is so advanced as other countries in its development is a matter of speculation. Every country tries to keep every other country in the dark as to the stage of development reached by radio control—a thing which, in itself, is proof of the importance attached to it by the military authorities.

Both Germany and the United States of America are supposed to have made much progress in the radio control of aircraft. I doubt if anybody knows for certain whether they are ahead of us or behind us. But while all the nations are working on this problem, Great Britain must work too and must work hard so that she maintains a place somewhere near the top. The technologists of Farnborough have done well and it is to be hoped that they will receive the fullest support in the continuance of their researches.

Teaching Foreign Dictators

By

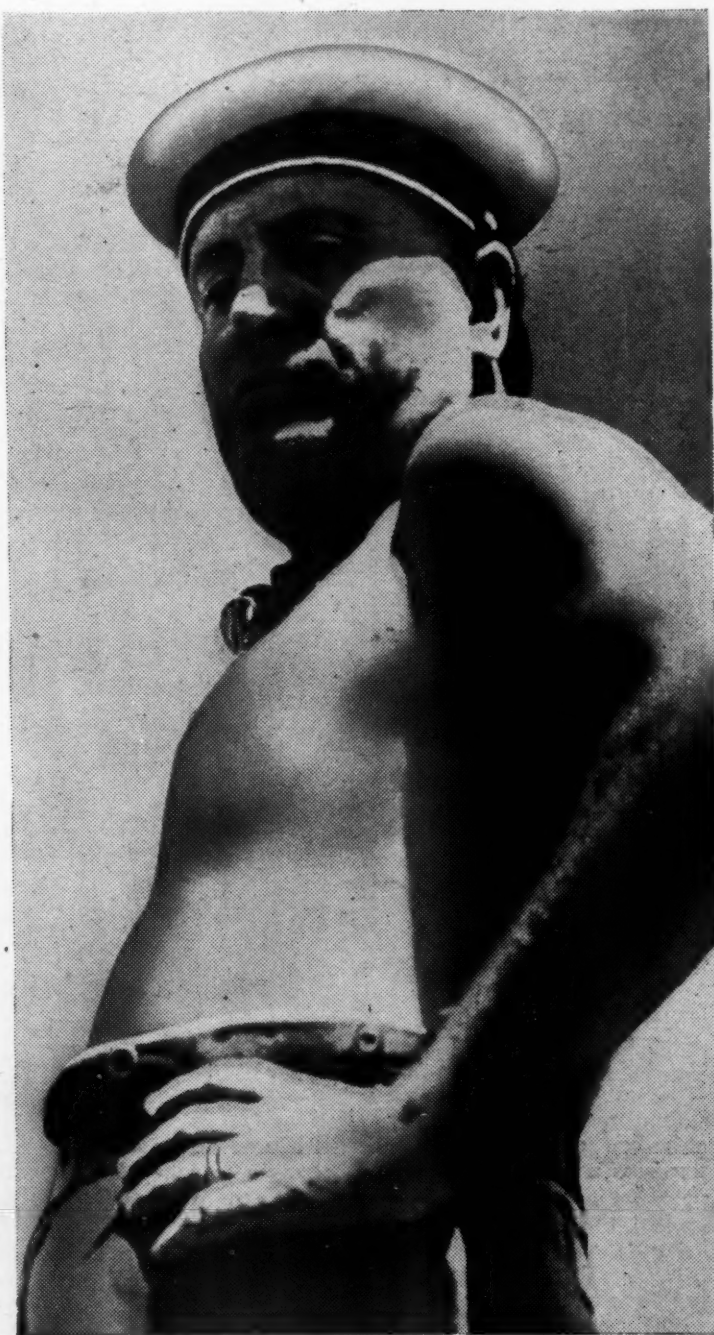
LADY HOUSTON, D.B.E.

Dear Mr. Eden,

We should love to know what your *guerdon* is for teaching Foreign Dictators—how to suck eggs?

Mussolini and Hitler must have been thrilled listening to your pearls of Wisdom—but—alas! I fear they were no more grateful for being instructed by such a Past-Master in the art of how NOT to do things—than was the

EDEN'S
MOST PROMISING PUPIL.



An unconventional picture of Mussolini taken when he stripped to the waist to help the peasants with their first corn harvest from the reclaimed Pontine Marshes

proverbial grandmother!

If Lord Beaverbrook had not let the cat out of the bag—your confession of having promised part of the British Empire to Italy as well as to Abyssinia would not have been extracted.—But you have never yet told us—**WHAT DID YOU PROMISE RUSSIA?**

WAS IT INDIA?

And we are all now scratching our heads and wondering—To **WHOM** DOES THE BRITISH EMPIRE BELONG? *That is the question—*

Because if this sort of thing is to continue, before they know where

they are Australia may find herself given to Japan—to prevent the Japanese taking China—and Canada must beware or she may be ceded—a nice little tit-bit—to America—as an inducement to The United States to make a Pact with you!

And if you and your colleagues in this Dictatorship you call a Government are permitted to give away one part of the British Empire—(as if it were your own private property)—there is no reason why—and nothing to prevent you—giving it all away. **WHY NOT?**

Yours very doubtfully,
LUCY HOUSTON.

CORRESPONDENCE

Giving Away the Empire

SIR,—When, after the war, Italy was morally degenerate and riddled with Communism, Mussolini took the country in hand and, in a comparatively short space of time, has built a loyal and patriotic nation out of the most unpromising material.

Such a man, once he has set himself an objective, is not in the least likely to be dissuaded from his goal by dishonourable offers of parts of the British Empire made without the consent of the people or by the futile bleatings of the League of Nations.

If the people were to give a mandate to the Government to quarrel with Italy or to give away our possessions, that might be a different story. At present the Government has no such mandate; (nor is it likely to get one) so its plain duty is to leave well alone.

The real fear of the Government is that, unless Mussolini can be induced to hold his hand, the whole crazy edifice of the League of Nations will collapse.

If the propping up of this dangerous structure is to necessitate our apportioning our heritage among foreign powers, the sooner the housebreakers are put in the better.

Oxford.

D. N. MARSHALL.

A Cowardly Offer

SIR,—Every decent citizen must be boiling with indignation at the Government's cowardly and cynical offer to give away part of our Empire to a Foreign Power.

The simplest way to settle the Italian-Abyssinian dispute would be to offer Abyssinia our protection in return for concessions to English firms and other trading advantages. There would at the moment be a very good chance that such an offer would be accepted.

This is what we would have done in the days when our Government acted on the assumption that we were the greatest nation in the world.

We are still the greatest nation in the world; but our craven rulers behave as though we are not.

There are great mutual advantages both for Abyssinia and for the British Empire to be had for the taking. Let us demonstrate once again that greatness which is latent in our race, which will soon show other nations that Britain does not care a fig for their aspirations, that Britons still preserve their old power of picking the plums out of the basket by shrewd yet peaceful moves.

South Harrow.

ALEXANDER FORBES.

Bluffing Our Leaders

SIR,—The bombshell which Mr. Eden exploded in the House of Commons has so staggered the nation, who were informed that a part of our Empire was to be given away to satisfy Italian Colonial aspirations, that the lessons of our glorious history seem to have been entirely forgotten.

In days gone by we never stood aside and watched a foreign power annex territory, we stepped in ourselves and told the foreigners to go to the devil.

I am not proposing that we should attempt any aggressive act towards Abyssinia; but if we were to offer them our protection against Italian invasion in exchange for mining and trading concessions and the right to build and operate railways, I feel sure that the arrangement would result in great benefits to both countries.

Great leader though he is, a visit of the Grand Fleet to the Mediterranean would soon cause Mussolini to dance to a different tune. His troops, now sweltering at the mouth of the Red Sea in appalling ships without even an adequate supply of water, would be cut off from their base and reinforcements would be unable to come from Italy.

No one admires Mussolini more than I do. He has completely bluffed our craven leaders. But one cannot make silk purses out of sows' ears and whether he can make a people singularly unsuited to war into a nation of soldiers remains to be seen.

In the Great War the Italian Army certainly fell short of what was expected of it; but the country had lacked resolute leadership for a considerable period and towards the end the canker of Communism had already eaten into the nation's life.

Whether Mussolini really believes in the invincibility of his re-modelled Army he is not likely to disclose. Anyhow, he is not likely to assume that in the event of danger his people will lose their courage and their patriotism, as our ministers seem to assume.

MAURICE INGLETHORPE.

Berwick-on-Tweed.

Put England First

SIR,—I was thunderstruck when I read that Mr. Anthony Eden had been authorised to offer to hand over part of our Empire to a Foreign Power.

I have a great personal admiration for Mussolini, who has welded a nation out of a collection of touts, black-mailers, ice cream vendors, and gangsters. But admiration for a great leader must give way to the interests of one's own country.

The idea of giving away a portion of our Empire—the greatest Empire which the world has ever seen—is unthinkable and it is difficult to find words to describe those politicians who would do so.

Our policy in the past has always been to grasp anything that is going and this has been the foundation of our greatness. There is tremendous scope for trade with Abyssinia if we would only come to an agreement with that country. We could then present the Italians with a *fait accompli* and tell them to do what they liked about it.

Purley, Surrey.

H. J. JENNINGS.

Work or Dole?

DEAR MADAM,

With reference to "Overseas Briton's" remarks in the *Saturday Review*, of which I am a reader, we are not all alike.

I am an ex-service man and served in the Royal Engineers for 3½ years during the last Great War. I am a colliery fitter and loco engineman, at present redundant through the effect of the coal quota on collieries in South Yorkshire. I am 39 years of age.

They are wanting fitters in the R.A.F. up to 42 years of age. I applied to join when the scheme first came out in May and am still in correspondence with Victory House.

I am physically fit; so if they are wanting men, why don't they send me a letter saying either "yes" or "no"?

As for loafing about the streets living on the dole, those that want it can have it—I don't. When we have paid the rent on our house we have 14s. to live on for the week and clothes to buy out of that. We won't get so flabby on that.

I would go across the water again if I could get work in my own trade. I served in France in the Great War as steam roller driver under Major French, A.D.R., Seine Inferieure. I am an ex-service member of the Barnsley British Legion. They have an employment bureau; but I have not heard anything yet. If "Overseas Briton" can find me a job in South Africa at my own trade, I would not mind going there. It is just 14 days since I sent my second letter to the R.A.F. I have had no reply yet. On an average I spend 6d. per week writing for work.

EX-SERVICE MAN.

Barnsley.

[We are afraid that there are still more applicants than vacancies in certain trades. Others in the same unfortunate position have found a temporary solution by taking employment in a different sphere of activity until such time as an opening in their own profession presented itself.—ED.]

CORRESPONDENCE

Baldwin's Last Card!

SIR,—Mr. Baldwin has at last completed his shuffle of the old gang, who depleted our defences to the danger of the Empire and despoiled England of her greatest possession (India), for which 60 years ago they would have had very short shift.

Lord Halifax, who, I have been informed by officials who have spent 40 years of their lives in India, did more harm than any other Viceroy, has become Minister for War. Next we see Sir Samuel Hoare, whose methods of conducting the India Bill through the House of Commons was the most disgraceful piece of jugglery ever adopted by a Cabinet Minister, made Foreign Secretary.

Then comes Mr. MacDonald, the cheap-jack showman who was the originator of the India Bill backed by Mr. Baldwin, which ought to condemn them both, and, furthermore, Mr. Baldwin, who is a Socialist acting under Conservative colours, who has used the Party's majority to carry the Bill without even consulting the Party.

I am strongly under the impression that he will get the surprise of his life at the next election. One can go on fooling the people for some of the time, but not all the time. I am afraid the Party will pay the price later on.

We have, also, in Parliament, far too many of the kill-joys who are endowed with the non-conformist conscience, none of whom can think logically and are so conceited and swollen headed that they verily believe they can make a heaven on earth.

Why are Mr. Runciman, Dr. Burgin, and Mr. Malcolm MacDonald, all Free Traders, in the Cabinet?

What, moreover, does Mr. MacDonald know about finance? Yet we see he is off on another joy-ride to America, which will cost the country as many thousands as the Canadian trip did.

VIGILANT.

A Minister of Pleasure

SIR,—Sir Isidore Salmon's recent suggestion of the appointment of a Minister of Pleasure, has inevitably brought up the name of Beau Nash, Minister of Pleasure to the Court at Bath during the eighteenth century, or, as he was then called, "King of Bath."

He invented, as one writer puts it, "the rigid organisation and drill of pleasure. Instead of pleasure being an incident of medicine, medicine became a very secondary incident of pleasure." He introduced good music to Bath, and made people listen to it. He instituted the Pump Room. He had the Theatre and Assembly Rooms built. He laid out public gardens and walks. He drew up a code of rules for the regulation of "assemblies." He abolished the wearing of swords in places of public amusements. He induced gentlemen of the day to wear shoes and stockings instead of boots at assemblies. And, by no means least, he introduced a tariff for lodgings.

Pleasure for pleasure's sake was his rule. But it was controlled pleasure, and the King's commands had to be obeyed. Every hour of the day had its special task and toil, whether it was taking the waters, taking the air, attending a theatre, or dancing a measure to the Pump Room orchestra. And society submitted to its taskmaster, for it recognised the strong will of the man who brooked no refusal, and realised that he could dragoon it into a much more satisfying round of pleasure than it could find for itself.

Whether, with these achievements of Bath's "King" before him, there is anyone bold enough to accept the position of Minister of Pleasure to all England, I leave to others to decide.

JOHN HATTON.

Spa Director.

The Pump Room, Bath.



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MOTORING

Reckless Prosecutions

By Sefton Cummings

THE official report of proceedings during 1934 for offences relating to motor vehicles has already been commented on at some length in the Press. But there is one disturbing feature which seems to have been overlooked—the exceptionally high percentage of cases where the police failed to prove their contentions. Out of 130 charges of manslaughter, thirty were withdrawn or summarily dismissed while, out of the 100 committed for trial no less than sixty two were acquitted, two were dealt with for a different offence, and one was bound over, but disqualified from driving. In other words, out of a hundred and thirty charges only forty six convictions were secured or little over thirty-five per cent. In the other sixty five per cent. of cases, though there may have been some *prima facie* evidence in some instances, the accused was found to be innocent.

Staggering Figures

No less significant are the figures regarding dangerous driving. Out of 10,745 cases, 573 were dealt with by warning letters from the police, leaving 10,172 to be disposed of by the courts. Of these 4,936 charges were either withdrawn or summarily dismissed, 4,557 defendants were fined, 59 imprisoned, 168 committed for trial, while in 266 cases the charges were deemed to have been proved, but no conviction was recorded. It seems fair to assume that in the majority of these cases the bench considered that the police had erred on the side of zealotry. Thus, out of 10,172 cases which went before the courts only 5,050 proved to be justified, including the 266 cases where no conviction was recorded, or less than fifty per cent.

Charges of careless driving which appeared before the courts amounted to no less than 29,899 and total convictions amounted to 20,351 or about two thirds. Here the difference between total charges and convictions is not so apparent; but it is formidable enough to cause reflection.

With the knowledge that the courts are by no means inclined to be lenient to motorists in these days these staggering figures must cause the greatest concern; for they suggest, to say the least of it, a recklessness on the part of the police with regard to prosecutions—one might almost say lightheartedness—which makes one wonder whether anyone in the Force has any sense of responsibility whatever.

It is too often the practice of the police to issue a summons for dangerous driving merely because an accident has occurred. I have known cases where pedestrians or cyclists—particularly the latter—have been involved, which have resulted in summonses being issued against the unfortunate motorist on the most slender grounds.

In one case, which is typical of many, the motorist was proceeding along a perfectly straight arterial road at some fifty miles an hour. There were no side turnings and the road itself was adapted for one way traffic, being divided down the middle by a grass strip. Speeds of seventy or eighty miles an hour would, therefore, have been perfectly safe provided the brakes were in order and the steering adequate. This driver was about to pass a cyclist, giving him ample clearance, when the cyclist, without giving any indication of his intentions, swung across the road, intending to cut through an opening in the green dividing belt and retrace his way on the other portion of the road.

The result was naturally a collision though, having great presence of mind as well as hundred per cent. efficient brakes, the motorist was able to minimise the cyclist's injuries. Police took particulars, examined wheel marks, and appeared satisfied, while witnesses supported the motorist's contention. The cyclist was not in a condition to give evidence until some days later. What was the motorist's surprise when, a few days later, the police served him with a notice to the effect that they intended to issue a summons for dangerous driving and later with the summons itself. This summons was subsequently dismissed by the magistrate, but not until a lot of time and money had been wasted.

Elementary Justice

This is only one example out of many, and it is high time that something was done to curb the lust for summonses of local superintendents. If magistrates were instructed to give costs against the police in all cases where a *prima facie* case had not unquestionably been made out, the police would be more careful of their facts before setting into motion the expensive machinery of the law. It would also give some measure of justice to the wretched motorist who is mulcted in considerable expenses whether he is convicted or acquitted. The fact that he is insured does not effect this argument.

It would seem but elementary justice that, since an accused person is invariably ordered to pay costs when convicted, he should be granted his costs when acquitted, except in very special circumstances. In actual practice, however, costs are hardly ever awarded against the police.

It is absolutely inequitable that there should be one law for one side and a different one for the other. But such is the case, particularly in country districts where lay magistrates have two eyes permanently fixed upon the rates, one gloating over the swelling list of fines, the other jealously guarding the coffers of the police lest this service should demand a larger appropriation in the next financial year.

New Books I can Recommend

By the LITERARY CRITIC

COUNT MICHAEL DE LA BEDOYERE is the editor of the *Catholic Herald*. Though he bears a French title and name, his publishers assure us that he is "three-quarters English and has lived in England all his life."

His life of George Washington is avowedly written from an English standpoint; it is intended as "an English judgment" on Washington's life and career.

Whether the Count's interpretation of some of the more important incidents in Washington's life or the mildly Catholic tendaciousness of some of his comments will appeal to American readers is obviously not a matter that troubles the "first American's" latest biographer.

His object is neither to "debunk" the reputation of Washington, nor to indulge in hero-worship, but merely to present the real Washington as he was in the flesh. For this purpose he has had plentiful recourse to Washington's letters and diaries.

One point upon which he insists with some justice is the essential Englishness of the Squire of Mount Vernon.

Washington had fought on the British side against the French; his loyalty had been unquestioned, though he had some reason to feel aggrieved over the omission to grant him a regular commission. Up till the first half of the year 1774 he was clearly hopeful of some satisfactory accommodation between the claims of the American colonists and the policy of the British administration. The fateful hopelessly mis-managed war that was to break out a year later might easily have been averted had there been less obstinacy and greater wisdom in British Ministerial counsels.

Washington died on December 14, 1799 and his biographer finds some significance in the fact that he "missed the nineteen hundreds by seventeen days."

"It was a near thing, symbolising, perhaps, in the designs of an inscrutable Providence that, though there were many features in the life of George Washington which looked towards the new century, though Washington, by playing the supreme part in the conception, birth and first years of the United States affected profoundly the history of that century, he remained and never could be anything but a Whig colonial Englishman of the eighteenth century, the last Englishman of the United States—yet the first American."

A Belgian View of King Albert

M. d'Ydewallé is a Belgian journalist of considerable repute and his life of King Albert is obviously written from first-hand knowledge of the late King's character and of Belgium's internal politics. While he has the greatest admiration for King Albert as a man and a ruler, M. d'Ydewallé notes that there was a decided strain of pessimism in a Sovereign who, in the worst crises, emerged "wholly and solely a hero."

"Positive and negative were in constant conflict in the character of this giant among men. He knew that

he would go down to history for the great deeds he had done—yet he everlastingly derided himself. He found it hard to believe in inspiring news—yet he was the glorious inspiration of so many heroes. All that he touched became noble and serene—yet he invariably reiterated: 'I have read So-and-So's article—he thinks me a fool.'

"When discussions arose, he was cautious, cautious to excess—yet when the battle of the Yser was at its height, when all had lost their heads and the Allies could not agree, he turned the tide of victory, unaided and alone.

"His spirit of disbelief was only equalled by his courage, his spirit of criticism by his incredible coolness in the face of death. In peace-time he instinctively put off difficult decisions until the following day, yet during war-time he never hesitated, went straight to the point and saved his country."

The Young Pretender

Miss Oman has succeeded in giving us a well-balanced life of the Young Chevalier, Prince Charles Edward, doing justice without undue sentimentality to the many admirable qualities he displayed in the earlier more romantic part of his career, while at the same time passing over lightly, without excessive censoriousness, the deteriorating tendencies exhibited by that bearer of many aliases—"Mr. Smith," "Mr. Brown," "Dr. Thompson," "Comte John Douglas" and "the Comte d'Albanie"—in his subsequent wanderings.

Charles Edward died in 1788 in his sixty-eighth year and the presence of his daughter Charlotte at his side in Rome had at least ensured a few years of comfort and happiness for him.

The Young Chevalier was not, of course, the last of the Pretenders.

"As late as 1866 two old gentlemen calling themselves John Sobieski and Charles Edward Stuart were well-known figures in the British Museum reading-room. They declared themselves to be sons of an infant heir born to Louise of Stolberg in the third year of her marriage. . . .

"The other supposititious grandchild of Charles Stuart claimed an even more romantic parentage. In Dunkeld Cathedral is to be seen the monument of a General Charles Edward Stuart, Count Roehenstart, who died in 1854. Count Roehenstart pretended to be the son of an early secret marriage of Charlotte Stuart, Duchess of Albany, to a Swedish or Austrian officer."

A Varied Literary Dish

Mr. Somerset Maugham's "Don Fernando" reminds one somewhat of what he has to say about the Spanish national dish, *arroz à la Valenciana*:

"It is never bad and sometimes it is of an excellency that surpasses belief. Rice is, of course, its foundation, saffron and red peppers give it a Spanish tang; it has chicken in it, clams, mussels, prawns, and I know not what."

So, too, one might say of Mr. Maugham's book. It has something of almost every possible topic in it, from mere food to the technique of writing, but these additions to the main "foundation"—the Golden Age of Spain which Mr. Maugham is intent on making us relish—merely add zest to the reader's appetite.

And there is no heaviness about this biographical and literary diet, for withal there is "an excellency that surpasses belief" in it all.

Galsworthiana

Galsworthy followers will welcome "Forsytes, Pendices and Others," for though it represents

little more than a collection of "bits and pieces," those fragments have undoubtedly their literary value.

The collection includes some chapters which originally formed the opening of "The Country House" and constitute a short story in themselves. Then follow other short stories and a series of notes and appreciations of fellow-writers and their work. Of one of the short stories "The Doldrums" Mrs. Galsworthy writes:

"The Doldrums," lifted bodily from the volume. 'From the Four Winds' (which is no longer accessible to the general reader), may have a special interest from the fact that it gives true and striking portraits of Conrad (at that time first mate of the *Torrens*) and of the narrator, Galsworthy, a young barrister studying navigation with a view to its application to intricate cases at the Admiralty Bar, a branch of the legal profession towards which he was at that time so ingeniously headed."

The Country and the Countryman

There is no uniformity in English country life if only because of the great variety of climatic and geological conditions.

Miss Hartley, recognising this fact, sets out to describe "The Countryman's England" in accordance with certain physical characteristics—Mountain and Moorland; the Undulating Farmlands; Garden and Orchard Country; Flats and Fens; Woods and Downs; and finally, the Seacoast and its many estuaries.

This plan enables her to make a thoroughly comprehensive survey of English rural life and incidentally to treat her readers to a wealth of interesting country lore.

Mr. John Moore, professing to believe that "the brief episode that was English country life is nearly over," proceeds to tell us of the more famous men who, like Falstaff, "babbled of green fields."

It is a fairly long procession from Chaucer to John Masefield, but Mr. Moore marshals it with skill and effect. Naturally that eccentric creature William Cobbett, who "was never a gentleman" but "was something much more engaging," occupies in these pages a space proportionate to his formidable John Bull figure. And, of course, that other eccentric John Mytton—the hero who burned his nightshirt (with himself inside) to cure a fit of the hiccoughs—finds his due place in the cavalcade. Altogether a book with which to while away pleasantly an idle hour.

"The Sussex Landscape" is the fourth of a new series of County guide-books designed on an original plan. The object is to furnish comparative studies of the varying characteristics of county landscapes. The landscape of each county is discussed as a whole and in scenic districts and by aid of a coloured map and diagrams the reader can see at a glance those parts of the county which may still be said to represent "the authentic country scene."

Precocious Brilliance

"Myrtles and Mice" is a little book with pleasant illustrations containing a very young German girl's impressions of Italy.

According to the publishers these impressions were recorded by the daughter of a Heidelberg professor "in diaries kept between the ages of

ten and fifteen." It was apparently Dr. Axel Munthe, the author of the famous "Story of San Michele," who encouraged the publication, and under such auspices the book seems assured of a wide and enthusiastic public.

And certainly there can be no doubt of Cordelia Gundolf's exceptional talent. Here is a specimen of her descriptive writing:—

"Thrust forward on the utmost edge of the precipice, uplifted to the breezes in wild luxuriance, lies Klingsor's enchanted garden. Embowered in myriads of roses its statues stand out against the open sky in the floods of light streaming down to be flung up by the waves beneath and once more reflected. This garden is a dream painted by the hand of man on the canvas of heaven. From the half shadow of laurel and pine smile faces of the gods. At the edge of a basin filled with water-lilies Venus lets fall her veil. The scented breath of eucalyptus and myrtle shimmers in the sunlight."

SELECTED LIST OF BOOKS

Biography: "George Washington," by Michael de la Bedoyere (Harrap, with 16 illustrations and two maps, 10s. 6d.); "Albert King of the Belgians," by Charles d'Ydewalle, translated by Phyllis Megroz (Methuen, 10s. 6d.); "Prince Charles Edward," by Carola Oman (Duckworth's "Great Lives" series, 2s.).

Literary: "Don Fernando," by W. Somerset Maugham (Heinemann, 8s. 6d.); "Forsytes, Pendices and Others," by John Galsworthy, with a foreword by Ada Galsworthy (including short stories and appreciations of fellow-writers) (Heinemann, 7s. 6d.).

Country: "The Countryman's England," by Dorothy Hartley (Batsford, with 128 photographic illustrations, 7s. 6d.); "Country Men," by John Moore (Dent, with engravings after Bewick, Thurston and Nesbit and eight plates in half-tone, 7s. 6d.); "The Sussex Landscape," by W. H. Thompson and G. G. Clark (A. and C. Black, with 16 plates and coloured landscape map, 5s.).

General: "A Key to the Art of Music," by Frank Howes (Blackie, 5s.); "Myrtles and Mice," by Cordelia Gundolf, translated by R. W. Reynolds (John Murray, with illustrations by Geoffrey Burnand and Luigi Bruzio, 5s.); "Mr. Middleton Talks About Gardening" (Allen and Unwin, 5s.).

FICTION

"Years Are Long," by Josephine Lawrence (Harrap); "The Unknown Eros," by Doris Langley Moore (Secker); "Matthew's Passion," by Michael Goring (Nikolai Gubsky) (Heinemann).

Short Stories: "My Best Animal Story" (Twenty-four stories by Famous Authors, chosen by themselves) (Faber and Faber); "Pipe All Hands" (Sea stories by "Sinbad") (Harrap).

All the fiction 7s. 6d.

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2/- Lausanne, Geneva, Yevy, Montreux, Territet	2/-
2/- Berne, Bernese Oberl'd	2/- The Lake of Geneva
2/- Lucerne & Interlaken	2/- Rhone V'l'y & Zermatt
2/- The French Riviera	2/- The Italian Riviera
2/- Paris, Lyons, Rhone Valley	2/- Chamonix and Environs
2/- Zurich & the Engadine	2/- St. Moritz, Davos, Pontresina
2/6 Motor-car Roadbook and the Hotels of the World	2/6

LIANGOLLEN: DARLINGTON & CO.
LONDON: FOTLES, Charing Cross Road.

LECTURES by Ralph Darlington, F.R.G.S. on Egypt, Greece, Palestine, The Upper Nile, Rhodesia, Kenya and Equatorial Africa.
B. Darlington, Liangollen.

THE EMPIRE WEEK BY WEEK

Somaliland—The Bait

TO justify another surrender of British responsibility, the "National" Government has shown itself once more ready to make a surrender of British territory.

Rather than face the responsibility of saving India from disorder—a matter that would have involved just a little firmness—it has preferred to make a present of India to the Indian Congress.

And now as a noble gesture towards "collective security," which is the bulwark, so obviously rotten, that it prefers to the building up of Britain's armaments, it has been offering Abyssinia "a strip of British Somaliland" with access to the sea in order to facilitate such "territorial and economic concessions" as Abyssinia may be prepared to make to Italy.

Our interest in Somaliland covers 68,000 square miles, with a population of only about 350,000, native and European. We are wedged between the large Italian and the tiny French Somalilands, bordering on the Red Sea and Indian Ocean.

A number of Britons are out there to represent trade interests which cover skins, hides, gums and resins, ghee, cattle, sheep, goats and specie. Transport is by camel and motor car, but there is wireless communication between Somaliland and Arabia.

For the past two or three years we have been represented over there by a Commissioner and a Commander-in-Chief, but on Jubilee Day (May 6), the Colonial Office announced that His Majesty had graciously approved that the office of Commissioner should be restored to the status of Governor.

No two Somalis dress alike, but they have a decided flair for the artistic. A flowing robe is slung over the shoulder or wound round the hips, which gives these East Africans an air of easy grace. Children have their hair dyed sorrel, or, in some cases, the head is shaved. Somali women were experts in the art of the bob and shingle long before the fashions became popular in Europe.

The British Somali considers himself a cut above the ordinary native, and above his brethren of the other Protectorates . . . and in a great many ways he is. With head erect and thrown well back, with his robe thrown round him after the fashion of a Roman toga, he is a fine figure of a man and a great warrior. Those he likes, he fights for, those he dislikes . . . well strange stories come back to the Colonial Office every now and then.

The main town is Berbera, which boasts of a population of 15,000 in the hot season and 80,000 in the wet.

Empire Diary

July 6—Forty-second anniversary of the King and Queen's marriage.

The King reviews units of the Royal Air Force at Mildenhall and Duxford.

Princess Victoria's birthday. Northern Command Military Tattoo at Nottingham opens.

July 8—Mr. Eric Rice is giving a cocktail party at the Overseas League, at 5.30, at which the special guests of honour are the South African naval cadets from the training ship "Botha."

July 9—The King holds an investiture at Buckingham Palace.

July 10—The King holds an investiture at Buckingham Palace.

July 11—Royal Artillery Garden Party at Hurlingham, 3-7 o'clock.

Conference of Honorary Corresponding Secretaries of the Overseas League, from all over the world, at the Overseas League Headquarters at 5 o'clock.

Dominions Ball, in aid of the Youth of the Empire Guild, at Grosvenor House, Park Lane.

The Air Ministry has arranged for an enclosure to be reserved for visitors from the Dominions and Colonies to witness the Royal Air Force review by His Majesty at Duxford. There is no charge.

Empire Tobacco Sales

An enquiry is to be made into tobacco marketing in the United Kingdom by the Imperial Economic Committee at the request of the Secretary of State for the Colonies.

The enquiry follows a suggestion made by the tobacco-growers of Southern Rhodesia and Nyasaland.

The case for the Rhodesian product was put forward by Mr. G. M. Huggin, the Prime Minister of Southern Rhodesia a few days ago. After drawing attention to the fact that three-quarters of Southern Rhodesia's imports have for some years come from British sources, Mr. Huggins said:—

"In Southern Rhodesia we have every factor necessary to produce all the numerous grades and varieties of tobacco needed to supply the U.K. with the whole of her requirements of cigarette and pipe tobacco. Yet last year the United Kingdom imported from all Empire sources a little less than one quarter of the tobacco she consumed. Of this quarter little less than one quarter came from Southern Rhodesia."

Secession Delegation Disbands

By Geoffrey Tebbutt

THE delegation sent from West Australia to London to seek Imperial authority for the State to secede from the Australian Commonwealth has held its last meeting. A report for presentation to the State Parliament has been prepared, and the delegates have disbanded.

Mr. H. K. Watson and Mr. J. MacCallum Smith, who came from Perth to join their co-delegates (Sir Hal Colebatch and Mr. M. L. Moss, K.C.), will shortly return to West Australia. They failed in their main objective, and a Joint Select Committee of both Houses of the Imperial Parliament ruled that the secession petition was not "proper to be received."

Even after the decision of the Joint Select Committee, the delegation hoped to the end for a full-dress debate in the House of Commons on their petition. It was not until this hope finally was dispersed by an announcement by the Attorney-General that no opportunity for a debate seemed likely to arise that the delegates abandoned their London task.

Since October, they had campaigned vigorously in London and in the country; Sir Hal Colebatch's cold logic and Mr. Watson's crusading zeal certainly aroused more British interest in West Australia's grievances than had been expected by some Commonwealth authorities.

While, nominally, the State and its delegates have failed—theirs was the monumental objective of subdividing a Continent and, in effect, setting up a new southern Dominion under the British Crown—it already is apparent that some indirect benefit is likely to accrue to West Australia from the campaign of many years which culminated in the approach to Westminster.

West Australia has had cause to feel herself neglected; Federal Ministers are rarely to be seen there. The Commonwealth's decision to hold in Perth the first meeting of the Federal Cabinet in West Australia during the thirty-five years of Federation is at least a gesture of goodwill.

That the Federal Ministers should have been warmly received in this outpost of a great Commonwealth will encourage them to make up leeway in meeting West Australia's case for consideration according to her special economic needs.

In these days of drifting apart, it is heartening to find people—even of the one nationality and corresponding outlook to the rest of the world—seeking a union which should always have been as close in fact as it is in theory.



Belize from the Air

Published with the kind permission of Lady Burdon

British Honduras Future

By Blanche Elliott

BRITISH Honduras is one of the smallest and probably the least known of our Colonies, with a history as stormy and romantic as any. It claims also to be one of the most neglected.

The climate is sub-tropical with a maximum shade temperature on the coast of 90 deg. Fahr. and minimum 62 deg. Fahr. With an area a little larger than Wales, its island indented coastline stretches 180 miles from Yucatan to the Gulf of Honduras.

Its capital, Belize, is situated on the mouth of the river of the same name and a tortuous course has to be steered between the numerous reefs and cays to reach it.

This town sprang into an unfortunate prominence when it was swept by a hurricane and tidal wave which destroyed it in 1981, and some 2,000 lives were lost.

Nothing daunted, the inhabitants rebuilt it on the same site, but the beauties of the high, wooded interior must not be judged by the rather straggling appearance of the town lying on this flat, swampy bit of coast.

Through the centuries, from the time of Good Queen Bess, the brave old English and Scottish settlers held their ground, assisted and sheltered by the Mosquito Indians against Spanish attacks, but unsupported by the timorous politicians at home.

It was not till 1862 that British Honduras was declared a British colony with a Lieutenant-Governor subordinate to Jamaica, and not till 1884, that an independent Governor and Commander-in-Chief was appointed and the little colony retains much of its traditional independence of spirit.

The Colony's rich timber has been

its chief source of wealth. Its mahogany is considered the finest in the world, but it is unfortunately, not now so much in request, and the skilled logwood cutters are unemployed, refusing the efforts being made to put them to cultivate the land.

Another important industry, that of extracting gum from the sapodrilla tree, known as chicle (used in making chewing gum and exported to the United States), has also diminished. Efforts are being made to encourage the new industry of sponge growing with some measure of success, but the promising banana plantation has developed Panama disease. This is now being overcome by planting a species which is immune. The hope of the Colony is the growing of grape fruit, and British Honduras growers have already won the gold medal for grape fruit at the Imperial Fruit Show three years running.

The subject of transport from this Colony will soon be requiring attention, as at present there is no direct route to England, the only regular service being the United Fruit Company's boats, a mammoth American organisation which can hardly be expected to exploit a competitor in the field.

The Colony is sparsely peopled by a mixture of coloured races.

Meanwhile, the little Colony is crying out for development and population. The individual efforts of the Lieutenant-Governors have accomplished much, prominent among them being the late Sir John Burdon who made researches into the Colony's history and urged the necessary developments.

But with the complete inaccessibility of the interior, the immediate need is for roads, canals, railways, to overcome the tangled growths, jungles and treacherous swamps.

The Irish Whirligig

By G. Delap Stevenson

"PLUS ça change, plus c'est la même chose" is the key to the situation in the Irish Free State.

It alone makes intelligible the present political whirligig. General O'Duffy, a year ago leader of the party which was at any rate more friendly than any other to Great Britain, is now competing with Madame MacBride in the ardour of his republicanism.

A former head of the police, he shows signs of becoming as lawless as any chief of the Irish Republican Army.

On the other hand, there is Mr. de Valera, the arch rebel, talking more sternly than Dublin Castle ever did, of the necessity of special measures to maintain law and order and the wickedness of interfering with juries.

The arch hater of the British he has begun to speak of his lifelong desire for friendship with them. Meanwhile, members of the United Ireland Party, the party whose declared policy is to keep Southern Ireland in the Commonwealth, are busy explaining the strength of their nationalism and their hatred of Imperialism, even suggesting that Mr. de Valera should not have told England that Ireland would not be used as a hostile base.

It is a state of affairs to make you feel giddy, if you do not keep a firm hold of the *plus ça change* idea.

Mr. de Valera complains that it is wrong to consider the Irish as naturally turbulent, and almost in the same breath he wonders why they will not settle down and be quiet now that he has removed the oath of allegiance. The fact is that things are just as they were in the days of the British.

There are still rebels, ready at any moment to take to violence, there are still agrarian disturbances, still shootings and the terrorising of juries. The only difference is that a group of former rebels are now the Government, but their antecedents do not make the present rebels have any kindly feelings towards them.

At one time Mr. de Valera could comfortably outbid Mr. Cosgrave in anti-British sentiments. Now the I.R.A. are outbidding him and General O'Duffy has joined in the contest.

Everybody is daring everybody else to declare a republic, and General O'Duffy has taken the dare. He will have an immediate all Ireland republic—though he does not explain how he will manage Ulster—and will use Ireland as a base for an enemy of England's if it suits him. Revolutionary anti-British feeling has been a normal ingredient of Irish politics for generations and it still remains, even though the British have to all intents and purposes disappeared.

Since the Treaty, both out of office and in office, Mr. de Valera has done everything to encourage it, and now with poetic justice it is working against his own Government.

FORGOTTEN DEEDS OF THE EMPIRE

IX—The Beginnings of Australian Wool

By Professor A. P. Newton

AMONG all the settlements that have been founded to make up the British Empire oversea, a unique place is occupied by New South Wales, the mother colony of the Commonwealth of Australia.

Like all the other Australian colonies it has been the result of peaceful steady expansion, and there has never been a shot fired either for its conquest or its defence. But it is the only colony that was founded and nurtured in the beginning wholly as an enterprise of the State and at the expense of the British taxpayers.

Practically every other colony, both in the old Empire and the new, was founded by private men at their own expense and the Government only entered into the matter to ensure a proper legality in what was done and to protect the British subjects engaged so far as was consistent with the national interest.

New South Wales on the other hand was founded by soldiers and sailors in Government employ with money voted by Parliament, and during all its early years the colony was dependent upon supplies of men and goods sent out at Government expense.

The reason for this was the obligation which the State could not deny—to support the convicts it was too humane to hang, but for whom it could not properly provide in its prisons or hulks at home.

Transportation at Government charge, therefore, played a vital part in the actual beginning of Australia, but it cannot be truly said that the prosperous British Dominion of today was founded on convict labour, for if that had been the only source of supply, there is little doubt that the colony would have sooner or later been abandoned as an unnecessary cause of expense, and the penal settlement would have come to an end.

The true foundation-stones of the modern Commonwealth were laid by the enterprise and initiative of free men who went out across the sea to find new homes for themselves and free land whereon they could raise primary products that would supply the markets of the home country and purchase for themselves the manufactured goods and commodities that they could not produce.

The first Governors of New South Wales soon realised that the penal settlement must contribute as far as possible to its own support by raising food, and it was by wheat and cattle that they first tried to supply the need.

Enterprise was stringently restricted to the area round the penal



Sydney as it was in 1801. Up to this time there were practically no free settlers, so that the town remained undeveloped and small. Note the Norfolk Island pines

station at Sydney, and for twenty years or more after its foundation in 1788 the town was only a small cluster of houses near the waterside round the prison and the quarters of the garrison who guarded the convicts.

Certain of the officers of the New South Wales Corps who performed that duty desired to take up land for farms which they might work for their own profit with assigned convict labour, and among them was a very shrewd and enterprising Scotsman, Captain John Macarthur, who came of a farming family and believed that the Australian pastures might rear sheep which would give as good wool as any produced in Europe.

Most people disbelieved in his ideas and they pointed to the failures that had been the result of attempting to rear English sheep on Australian grasses. Their wool was harsh and wiry and quite unsuited for making cloth.

However, on his way out to Sydney, Macarthur had seen at the Cape of Good Hope a breed of sheep, known as merinos which came originally from Spain and which produced long, fine stapled wool which was quite different from the curled, short wool of English breeds.

In 1797 he bought up a portion of a flock of merino sheep which had been imported into New South Wales from the Cape at the expense of the Government, and he began to breed from them on his farm at Camden, not far from Sydney.

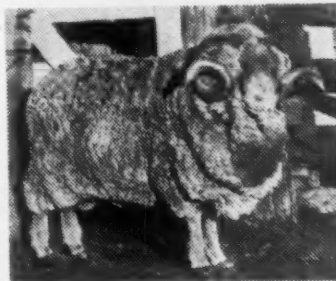
He found it difficult to get good, skilled work out of his convict labourers, and so he brought out from Scotland certain experienced shepherds to look after his flocks, and these were practically the first free immigrants into the colony who came out quite independently of the penal settlement.

The first crop of Australian wool was imported into England about 1803 and it was found difficult to sell it, but in the course of the next twenty

years while Macarthur persisted in his efforts, it became more and more sought after by our cloth manufacturers.

In 1822 Macarthur was awarded the medal of the Society of Arts for producing the best wool on the London market, and by 1828 it was fully recognised that New South Wales was taking a foremost place among the world's wool producers.

The results upon the colony during those twenty years were momentous, for from a mere penal settlement which was a constant drain upon the Exchequer, it had become an



An Australian merino stud ram. Essentially a wool sheep producing superfine wool. Flourishing on dry sandy soils, the merino is peculiarly suited to Australian conditions.

essential source of supply of the raw material upon which our rapidly expanding English cloth manufacturers depended.

It was thus not only a producer of wealth, but a new home for a hardy, enterprising race of free British settlers.

Canada has given a new fabric to the world. As the result of experiments by Dominion research workers a cloth having the grain and texture as well as the durability of leather has been made from Canadian spruce wood.

Conference of Empire Parliaments

A SHORT time ago the King met his Lords and Commons in Westminster Hall and this week it was used for a gathering which represented all the Parliaments of the Empire.

Some fifty Overseas delegates of the Empire Parliamentary Association were given a luncheon of welcome there on Thursday, and it remains their headquarters while they are in England, as the offices of the United Kingdom branch are in a room off the Hall.

It is extraordinarily appropriate that the place which saw Sir Simon de Montfort's Parliament should now be receiving all the daughter Parliaments which have grown out of that rudimentary but vigorous beginning.

From the 4th to the 17th July, the delegates will hold a conference, which will have many advantages over the ordinary type.

In the first place it will only discuss; it is none of its business to come to decisions and to produce patched up agreements. Secondly, its meetings will be altogether private. The whole object of the conferences of the Empire Parliamentary Association is to get a full and free exchange of views, so that the delegates may find out what is really being thought and said in all parts of the Empire.

Though the Association is supported by the leading men in all the Parliaments, it gives an opening to back bench opinion, and it includes the State and Provincial Parliaments of Australia and Canada as well as the Federal Houses. It also is strictly non-party, and so represents every shade of politics.

All this means that its meetings can display the widest possible range of views, which are untrammelled by immediate responsibility on the part of the speaker. It can give a very accurate reflection of the man in the street, and really fulfil its function of spreading knowledge.

Not only the Dominions but India and Ceylon and the West Indian colonies of Bahamas and Bermuda are represented at the present conference. The delegates, of course,

Imperial Opinions

To-day Australia is being drawn closer to Japan than ever before. And there is perhaps more truth than many realise in the plain statements made recently by notable visitors that the future of the two countries is destined to run almost parallel in the Pacific.—*The Star, Melbourne.*

"I am the last person to claim any sort of infallibility for Government."—*Mr. P. E. Mitchell, Chief Secretary of Tanganyika.*

"Elected Members object to expenditure on the Northern Rhodesia Regiment. . . . I entirely disagree with the view that this territory should spend nothing on defence."—*The Governor of Northern Rhodesia.*

"There can be not the slightest doubt that Southern Rhodesia now looks north, and the political and economic amalgamation of the three territories of Northern and Southern Rhodesia and Nyasaland would present a new British Dominion with enormous scope for future development."—*From The African Observer.*

will not spend all their time sitting round talking. They are to see as much as possible of English life. They will go to the reviews of the Army, Navy and Air Force, and will visit the provinces as the guests of various municipalities.

The Empire Parliamentary Association is in a sense having its own Jubilee this year, for it was the coronation of the present King which led to its inauguration.

In June, 1910, Mr. Amery made the suggestion that delegates from the Dominion Parliaments should be invited to the coronation. This was done, and it gave rise to the idea of a permanent body, so that soon afterwards the Empire Parliamentary Association came into being.

The aim is to have conferences every two years, though this of course cannot always be carried out.

They have been held in South Africa, Australia and Canada, while other meetings, not fully representative, have taken place in Newfoundland, Bermuda and Malta.

There was one in England during the war, but this is the first to be held in this country since then. Besides its set conferences the Association acts as a great club, and all its branches give hospitality to visiting members of Parliament from other Empire countries.

Sometimes a branch will arrange for an address by a visitor. The Association is the channel for a constant exchange of information about what is being done in the various Parliaments, while the United Kingdom branch keeps the others in touch with European politics.

At one time the Association concerned itself chiefly with inter-Empire questions such as trade, migration and shipping. Now, however, all the branches are taking an increased interest in foreign affairs.

A Town Built on a Mine

RESIDENTS of Salisbury, the capital of Southern Rhodesia, may find gold in their gardens.

Their city must be the richest in the world, for it is built on a gold mine.

Recent excavations in the centre of the town have revealed the presence of a gold reef a few feet below the surface. Although the ore is of low grade at this shallow depth, it has been remembered that Salisbury is built on the gold belt and portions of the town area prospected in the early days when reefs were found.

The discoveries were found to be unworkable on a profitable basis and prospectors sought richer reefs further afield.

A small alluvial property was worked at one end of the town some years ago, but efforts to extend further pegging were frowned upon by the authorities who subsequently built upon the area.

Some little time ago, when digging for the foundation of a building, a reef was revealed and still later "struck" again in another part of the town. The third and most recent "strike" may, however, encourage the citizens of Salisbury to indulge in intensive gardening work.

LATEST EMPIRE ARRIVALS

Air Mail Passengers.—Mr. Hurton, from Moshi; Mr. Veitch, Mr. Butler and Mr. Lewis, from Nairobi; Mr. Pinney, from Khartoum; Mrs. and Master Clemmy, from Dodoma; Mr. Gooch and Mr. Colombo, from Nairobi; and Mr. Alcock, from Kisumu.

Canada.—Mr. Clarence A. Bogert, chairman of the board of the Dominion Bank, Claridge's Hotel; Mr. W. A. Scott, special representative, Canadian Airways, Toronto, Hotel Victoria; the Lieut.-Governor of Ontario and Mrs. Bruce, Grosvenor House; Mr. Lloyd D. Jackson, president and manager, Jackson's Bread, Ltd., Hamilton, Royal Palace Hotel, Kensington; Mr. Geo. C. Campbell, K.C., of the legal firm of Campbell, Jarvis and McKennie, Toronto, British Empire Club; Mr. T. A. Beament, K.C., of the legal firm of Beament and Beament, Ottawa, and Mrs. Beament, Smedley's, Matlock; Mr. H. H. Williams, Toronto, director of the Dominion Bank, and Mrs. Williams, Carlton Hotel; Dr. W. G. Hawk, physician, Toronto, 23, Palace Court; Dr. Dolores Preudhomme, Winnipeg, 84, Kensington Gardens; Miss Alexandrine Gibb, of the "Toronto Star," May Fair Hotel; Mr. T. J. Macabe, president, Buntin Acid (wholesale paper), Stafford Hotel; Dr. G. D. Porter, of the University of Toronto, Toronto, 68, Southway, Hampstead.

Australia.—Mr. and Mrs. A. Gentry, Mr. H. Gregory, M.P. (one of the Federal Parliamentary delegates to the Empire Parliamentary Conference), Mrs. Gregory, Mr. W. Grierson, Mrs. A. Guthrie, Major G. Haines, Miss M. Hall, Miss M. G. Hall, Miss E. Hamilton, Mrs. M. H. Harnett, Mr. J. Hay, Miss K. Hay, Mrs. Alec. Hay, Mrs. Stuart Hindmarsh, Miss F. C. Hindmarsh, Miss A. Hogan, Mr. and Mrs. James Hogarth, Mr. S. H. Hope, Mr. W. Hutchinson, M.P., Miss Lydia M. Inglis, Mr. and Mrs. B. M. Irvine, Mrs. L. E. Isaacs, Mr. and Mrs. A. F. W. Jones, Miss L. King, Miss B. M. Kowin, Mrs. M. Knowles, Mr. H. A. G. Kreech, Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Lamont, Mr. C. T. Law, Mr. J. N. Lawson, M.P., Lieut.-Col. H. N. Lee, Mr. and Mrs. A. Leunis, Miss Judith Leunis, Mrs. H. B. Loader, Miss M. P. MacColl, Miss M. E. MacColl, Miss J. Macrae, Mrs. F. B. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Mitchell, Mrs. K. M. Morrison, Mr. S. W. Munzie, M.L.A. (Minister for Mines, West Australia), Mrs. Munzie and Miss J. Munzie, Mr. Gilbert Murray, Mrs. F. S. Meyers, Rev. J. McDonald, Mr. J. N. McGregor, Mr. G. P. McGuire, Mr. Alfred A. Newman, Mr. B. Nettlefold, Mrs. Nettlefold, Miss M. Nettlefold, Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Opensaire, Miss N. Opensaire.

BROADCASTING**CO-ORDINATION OF
RESOURCES****By Alan Howland**

IT always amuses me when I hear someone referred to as a "broadcasting artist," because, as far as I have been able to gather over a period of nine years or so, there is no such thing. There are, of course, artists who are frequently employed by the B.B.C. and there are others who obtain engagements at irregular intervals. Neither of these types can truthfully say that they can make a reasonable living out of broadcasting, although they do not object to being described as "broadcasting artists" or even "radio stars."

The trouble is that the B.B.C. has no idea of co-ordinating its resources. Although it is in a position to employ at all times only the best performers in whatever genre, it does not do so. Hence the really outstanding actors, singers or instrumentalists are only employed two or three times in any given year at a salary which would not keep them in taxis for a week.

Undignified Spectacle

Other artists of less reputation often find that over a period of several months they have more engagements than they can possibly fulfil. This leads to the undignified spectacle of two B.B.C. producers quarrelling over the services of a four guinea artist. The artist in question, having over a period of months been knocking up a reasonable competence out of his appearances before the microphone, imagines that he may safely devote his energies to broadcasting.

He is encouraged to take this decision by the insincere flattery which he receives every time he collects his cheque. Suddenly, however, somebody discovers that "Mr. X" has been receiving rather more than his quota of engagements and that there are still 3,000 aspirants to broadcasting honours, all of whom have given successful auditions. "Mr. X" is therefore incontinently dropped and has to discover a new profession.

Hangers-On

Meanwhile a considerable number of hangers-on are employed, irrespective of their abilities, at fairly regular intervals, and even if they do not make a living they at least earn enough money to buy drinks for the people who employ them. If anyone is entitled to call himself a broadcasting artist it is a person of this type.

He or she can always be seen slapping one or other of the producers on the back or persuading him to have just one more for the road. They are the backbone of British Broadcasting. They have no qualifications, they have little or no talent, they have never earned a living by any other means, they do not require the money, but they are nice to have about the place and their manners are impeccable. The fact that this is all rather hard on the genuine artist is irrelevant and impertinent.

CINEMA**WHAT IS IN THE NEWS?****AN EXCELLENT FIGHT FILM****By Mark Forrest**

THE new pictures this week do not boast any outstanding material, nevertheless the cinema, as a whole, is by no means devoid of interest because it is at this time of the year that the news reels command most attention. The abundance of sport, which the end of June and the beginning of July contain, make it impossible for everyone to see everything in person, and it is only through the medium of the cameras that one can get glimpses of the Test Match, Wimbledon and Muirfield to satisfy a little of one's big appetite for games. In addition to these features there are two other news pictures which are being presented this week and which are out of the ordinary run.

The first of these, a Radio Picture, is by far the best film of a fight that I have seen, and it is, I think, the worst fight. It is the picture of the recent Baer and Braddock contest, and the antics of Baer are so ludicrous that Mr. Disney will have to take care that the thunder is not stolen from Mickey Mouse. I recommend this picture to him as a basis for another coloured cartoon with which to follow up *The Tortoise and The Hare*, wherein the behaviour of the hare appeared to have some resemblance to Baer's way of conducting himself.

Abyssinia

If anyone thinks that heavyweight boxing is a dead letter in this country, he should make a point of seeing this film; it seems to me to be better to lie down and have done with it than to stand up for fifteen rounds in the fashion of these two combatants. The camera work is, however, superb, and that is all with which I am really concerned.

The other film of note is at the Rialto and is entitled *Abyssinia*, a country about which most people are talking and of which few know anything. This is a Swiss picture which begins at Athens, and also gives excellent views of places of interest in Jerusalem and Cairo, before the aeroplane finally lands at Addis Ababa, the capital of the Ethiopian empire. The savage and uncivilised condition of the natives is made very apparent and, as the majority of the film is taken in the open air, some insight can be gathered into the nature of the campaign which the Italians have before them, if they decide to go on with it.

ACADEMY CINEMA, Oxford St. Ger. 2981**LAST WEEK****Yvonne Printemps in****"LA DAME AUX CAMELIAS" (A)****Commencing Thurs. July 11th. "ST. PETERSBURG" (A).**

An Investment Problem

(By Our City Editor)

THE recent rise in ordinary stocks has brought to the fore once again the much vexed question of fixed interest stocks v. equities, and the writer, on investment, is often asked which he favours. It is, of course, quite impossible to lay down any hard and fast rules as to whether the investor should depend for his income upon fixed interest stocks or upon ordinary, or variable dividend stocks and shares, but there are times at which a change from one class to the other is advisable in general principle.

The first difficulty which arises is the particular position of the investor. If he is a Trustee, then his Trust funds have, of course, to be invested in certain classes of gilt-edged security and he will, at the moment, be unable to obtain an income therefrom of anything much over 3 per cent. Many investors, though not having the responsibility of Trusteeship, have nevertheless to regard their capital as sacred and take none of the risks of the semi-speculative markets, such as that for industrial shares. To these also, one can offer little advice beyond pointing out the best available returns on such investments at any given moment. But for the general investor there are guiding principles affecting his choice of ordinary or fixed interest stocks.

Cheapness of Money

The first is to watch to some extent the course of interest rates in the Money Market. When one's daily paper shows that discount rates in Lombard Street are rising, then "dearer money" is in prospect and fixed interest stocks are likely to be worth less. It is then the time to take up ordinary shares. The recent rise in ordinary shares has occurred, not because of "dearer money," but chiefly because interest rates have fallen so low as to be unattractive and to force money into investment for capital appreciation to make up for loss of income.

If debentures or preference shares are purchased, they should be well-covered as to dividend by earnings and they should be in a concern whose business is stable. This word of warning is given in regard to recent events. It is of no use taking up a preference share in a purely speculative business. If a mining or rubber company, for example, is prosperous enough to pay its preference interest, it will almost certainly be in a position to pay an ordinary dividend. If it is not sufficiently prosperous to pay a dividend on its

ordinary capital, there will, as a rule, be little likelihood of any preference dividend or even debenture interest. Similarly with certain industrial companies. If a company is going to make big profits for several years, the ordinary shareholders will be the class to benefit. If these profits suddenly cease, the equity-holders will have reaped their reward, but the holders of preference shares in such a concern will be left without even the glamour of the past. Yet very recently preference shares in a hair-waving business were most enthusiastically subscribed for!

Industrial Preference Yields

There are some big yields still available in the industrial preference share list to those who are prepared to run a certain amount of investment risk, as many seem willing to do in buying ordinary shares. These yields can also, it should be noted, only be obtained on small amounts of shares and the buyer may have to wait some time after placing his order with his banker or broker before the shares come on to the market. In this class are the $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. cumulative preference shares of W. G. Clarke and Co., manufacturers of "Melox" dog-foods. The dividend last year was covered $1\frac{1}{2}$ times and the shares at 23s. $1\frac{1}{2}$ d. yield $6\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.

Hield Bros., the textile firm, have a $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. cumulative participating preference share of £1 which can be bought at under 30s. Including participation, the dividend was made up to 10 per cent. last year and the return at the present price is over $6\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. A well-covered non-cumulative preferred ordinary share is that of Steel Bros., Ltd., the merchants etc., whose 8 per cent. dividend on this class was covered over twice by last year's earnings. The shares can be obtained at 25s. to return over 7 per cent. gross.

In the Iron, Coal and Steel list, over 5 per cent. is obtainable on the 12 per cent. cumulative 10s. shares of Stephenson Clarke, Ltd., one of the Powell Duffryn group. The shares stand at 23s. 6d. But the best chance of income with capital appreciation lies in the purchase of Amalgamated Anthracite Collieries 7 per cent. cumulative preference which stand at 15s., promising a yield of over 9 per cent. on the money invested. There is every prospect of a steady improvement in this company's fortunes and a consequent big improvement in the preference shares.

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We cross the road with fearsome dread
Just near the Bubbles, there we tread
And await the coming of the dead,
By request, no flowers.

Hore Belisha's marked the roads
His signs are over-rated,
He's arranged for special codes
With these we're inundated.
The Police have gone, but Bubbles stay
They're quite invisible by day
Often nearby corpses lay,
Undertakers' loads.

Hore Belisha—Leslie as well
This name has caused some chatter,
Is Horeb Elisha the way to spell?
But it really doesn't matter.
He spends vast sums upon his job
He even will the Road Fund rob,
On Income Tax there may be a bob,
Won't we yell?

In the next world, when we die
Wings we hope will aid us,
And with the Angels we will fly
In that Heavenly world so spacious.
We'll try to banish from our thoughts
The prosecutions in these Courts
And forget forever Road Transports,
And Leslie Hore Belishas.

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THEATRE NOTES

"Love Laughs!"

London Hippodrome

I AM all in favour of inconsequent fooling, so long as the fooling be good, and I do not expect my modern musical comedy to have a plot worthy of the name. I should therefore have been completely satisfied with the latest venture of Mr. Laddie Cliff and Mr. Clifford Whitley at the Hippodrome. After all, the show was written by Clifford Grey and Greatrex Newman, there were additional numbers and lyrics by Mabel Wayne and Desmond Carter, Noel Gay wrote the music, the dances were arranged by Frederick Lord and the whole was produced by Campbell Gullan. Yet all this array of talent failed to move me. The production was sound, the dances were well-devised, the lyrics were inoffensive, the plot emerged from time to time, the dialogue was not beyond the comprehension of an average member of the Lower Fifth, and none of the acting or singing was definitely bad. I make these statements with some reserve since I was only 100 per cent. awake so long as Renée Houston was on the stage. During those barren patches while I was awaiting her next appearance there may have been some gem of comedy, some subtle piece of acting or buffoonery which winged its way past my somnolent head to find a more open target in the pit. I do not know! I do know that Miss Houston proved herself to be a very brilliant comedienne and I hope for the sake of all concerned that she will be able to carry this otherwise uninteresting show on her slender and sunburnt shoulders.

"Close Quarters"

Embassy Theatre

By Gilbert Lennox

THE foreknowledge that I am about to witness a play with only four characters usually causes me a certain amount of apprehension on the score of possible boredom through bad handling by one of the cast. It is inevitable therefore that the prospect of seeing a play acted by only two players is bound to cause in advance a certain malaise. It is all the more pleasurable in this case to be able to put on record the fact that, within two minutes from curtain-rise, Flora Robson and Oscar Hamolka had definitely assured me that I was in for a thoroughly good evening of "theatre" in the best tradition.

Mr. Hamolka is playing his first part in English and in consequence I found him just a little difficult to hear for about a quarter of an hour. After that my ears became attuned and listening to him was no effort. In my opinion it would savour of "spoiling sport" to divulge the plot and dénouement of this exciting play so I shall refrain from doing so. All I will say is that it is a sort of psychological thriller beautifully worked out in every detail. There are practically no red herrings drawn across the trail to confuse the audience—the whole purpose of the play being to present a study of the thoughts of two people one of whom is guilty of murder.

The acting, apart from being an amazing feat of study for both the players, is a grand example of genuine team-work. Both Miss Robson and Mr. Hamolka have a perfect sense of timing and a most praiseworthy sense of restraint.

This play certainly should transfer to the West End and settle down to a long run if the art of acting is still really enjoyed.

"A Kingdom for a Cow"

Savoy Theatre

By Kurt Weill

JOKES about dictators and big business show a tendency to wear thin unless handled with discretion. I found that this play about a young man who could not marry because his prize cow had been distraised in order to pay for armaments to support a war nobody wanted except the manufacturers of machine-guns, grew more tedious as the evening wore on. Kurt Weill's music did little or nothing to relieve the monotony. It was a hotch-potch of various styles, from classical to Gershwin-esque and it landed one absolutely nowhere.

Webster Booth sang smoothly and acted in a determined sort of way, while George Gee, Hay Petrie and Aubrey Mather—especially the last-named—worked hard to cover up the blemishes in a threadbare plot. I am sure Jacqueline Francell must have been very good, but as I could not hear what she said and disliked her singing voice I am the last to pass judgment on her. By far the best thing of the evening was the decor of H. Heckroth which was worthy of a far better play.

"Roulette"

Cambridge Theatre

By Harry Graham

IT was a great mistake to visit this theatre for a second time. At first glance it was all rather fun and one was pleased that Captain Harry Graham had translated this trifle of Laszlo Fodor's, but when one saw it again it seemed all so trivial and stupid that one was surprised at having been even faintly amused in the first instance.

The spectacle of a man leaving his wife for the gaming-tables on the evening of their wedding-day no longer moved me to mirth, simply because there is nothing intrinsically funny in the situation. I found it all so paltry that I was ashamed at having laughed before. Hella Kurty and Nigel Patrick still do their best with this preposterous nonsense, but Margaret Rawlings has, for reasons presumably well-known to herself, developed the character of Loulou into such a thing as never was to be seen on this planet or any other. Miss Rawlings has proved in the past that she has talent and it would be a thousand pities if she should be led by the indiscriminate laughter of a London audience to suppose that overacting is ever mistaken in the long run for the genuine article.

Mr. Austin Trevor continues to give by far the best performance in the play. By sheer force of personality and unbounded sincerity he succeeds in convincing one that his part is a good one, which as a fact, it is not. It is only fair to say that the audience appreciated a play which I found frankly boring.

C.S.